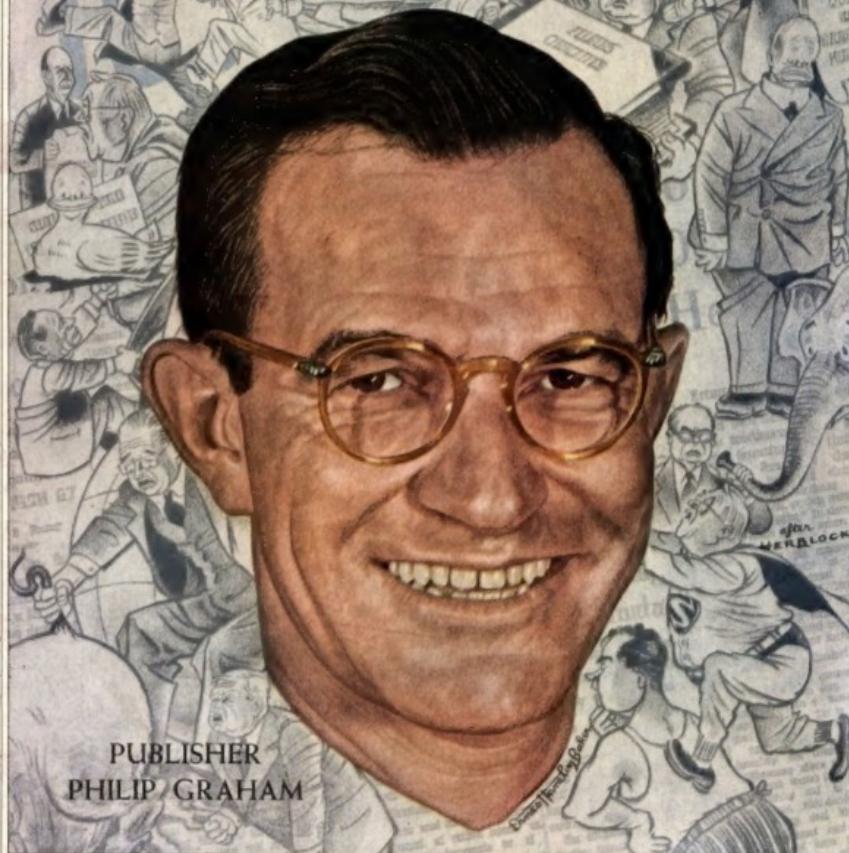


Washington Post TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



PUBLISHER
PHILIP GRAHAM

\$6.99 A YEAR

第十一章 简单的线性规划

VOL. LXVII NO. 16

Wish yourself away to a golden beach and hear a haunting hula melody sung to the rhythms of the sweeping surf and the strumming of trade winds through the graceful palms.

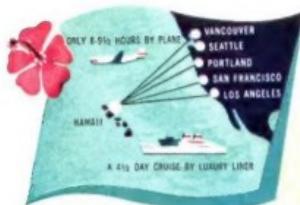
Come relax where tropic flowers weave a lei of brilliant color around starry nights and sparkling days... where the glow of matchless weather urges you to golf and deep-sea fishing, or the Polynesian playground of the sea for sunbathing, surfing or outrigger canoeing.

Fill your vacation with South Sea treasures you'll carry always... the sights and sounds of ancient shrines and busy Oriental market places... the wondrous scenery of towering volcanoes and quiet green velvety valleys.

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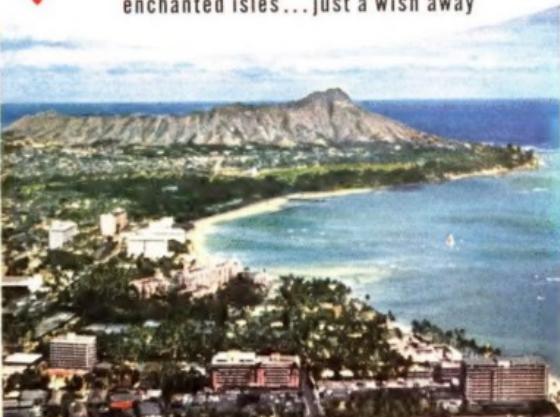
Hawaii is Polynesian in tradition, modern American in language, currency and living standards, with 1,000 additional hotel rooms this year to provide the widest range of accommodations on the world's most famous beach - Waikiki - and on the neighbor islands of Kauai, Maui, Hawaii. Ask your Travel Agent to plan a tour that includes them all, or write for full information to

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B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

There's a little bit of Wausau in the new spirit of St. Louis

A WAUSAU STORY /

by MARTIN L. DUGGAN
News Editor, St. Louis Globe-Democrat

"Wausau." It's an unusual name. It caught my eye in a magazine and that asked: "How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?"

"If you read that first Wausau story you discovered how a warm and refreshing way of doing business in that fishing and hunting country made business friends all over the country. And how Employers Mutuals of Wausau

became known as 'good people to do business with.'

"Now, of course, the Wausau story goes across the country. A little bit of Wausau has found its way into the life of cities in all 48 states. It's a human interest news story that I'm reporting here as I found it in talks with Employers Mutuals men and women and their policyholders in St. Louis. Being interested in my city I'm happy to see a little bit of Wausau in the new spirit of St. Louis."



"How far can you go for a policyholder? When one of his policyholders, an electric power company, mentioned that they were having trouble inspecting some rather inaccessible rural power lines for liability hazards, Bob Musser had the answer. Inspect the whole set-up by air. Because Bob happens to be a pilot, he offered to take up the company manager on the first flying inspection trip. They flew up and down the lines spotting fire dangers and other liability hazards. I'd say this was going out of your way to give some mighty good personal service. It's the Wausau way."



"He was like a member of our own company," Mr. J. E. Latta (right), said of Roy Wenemann (left), the Employers Mutuals' safety engineer. Roy worked with Mr. Latta's construction company during the building of the unique new 5½ million St. Louis Airport Terminal building. With soaring domes vaulting a great glass enclosed area, this building presented many new concepts in construction

and in safety. Wenemann helped plan this accident prevention program right from the blueprint stage. Said Mr. Latta: "The conscientious work of the Employers Mutuals' representative encouraged my men to be more careful." I found in talking to Bob Helberg, St. Louis branch manager, that it is this kind of accident prevention program that means lower cost to policyholders."



"Home for Christmas — the Wausau way. Employers Mutuals' Nurse Cora Snodell sees that paraplegic patient Aaron Simons gets home to his folks in Minneapolis for Christmas. Aaron was hurt on a job covered by an Employers Mutuals' workers' compensation policy. But Employers Mutuals' interest in him goes far beyond providing him with the best physical care. I learned the Wausau way is to go off the way in giving unexcelled service on claims."

Employers Mutuals, with offices in 90 cities, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workers' compensation. For further information see your nearest representative or call us in Wisconsin on our special line, Wausau 2-1112.

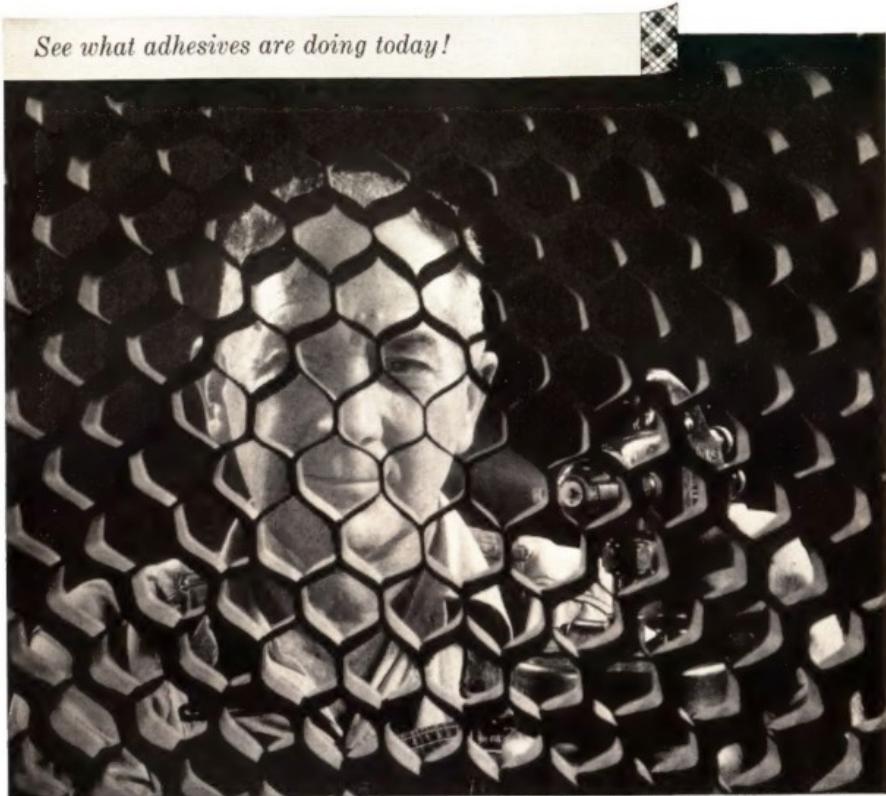
Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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motorists. This is the kind of
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3M adhesives like EC-1357 and EC-1177 bond a honeycomb paper core

between thin metal skins. They produce rigid, more durable units from such light materials because they're tougher, more flexible. Many industries benefit: building, furniture, aircraft, railroad equipment and others.

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Philadelphia 34, Pa.

LETTERS

The Land of the Turtle

Sir:

In the March 19 issue, you made it quite plain that Kefauver's campaign in Minnesota never got off the ground and Adlai was flying high. Results indicate the reverse situation existed. Hasn't TIME learned any lessons in observing political campaigns since 1948?

GALEN B. BAUGHER

Hurley, N.Y.

Sir:

You failed to take into account that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong—there is always the turtle, huh?

RALPH A. O'NEILL

New York City

Sir:

The next time it might be well for your political reporter to browse around among the voters instead of spending his time with the machine politicians.

RALPH B. EATON

Philadelphia

Dark Image (Contd.)

Sir:

For a change, I think your March 26 article on the South is fair and gives both sides. Heretofore, you have apparently made a studied effort to glorify the Negro and help ram him down the throats of white Southerners as their social equal.

MARTIN COLFAX

Coral Gables, Fla.

Sir:

We in the South greatly admire James Eastland. Millions of Southerners aren't going to be dictated to by "nine old political termites" or the N.A.A.C.P. The South has just begun to fight.

FRANKLIN JONES JR.

Richmond

Sir:

We cannot expect semieducated, insecure, bigoted people to select a representative better than themselves. If Mississippi were owned by another nation, we would declare it "underdeveloped," send it Point 4, and make vague promises of eventual self-determination.

WILLIAM MCWILLIAM

Cleveland

Sir:

It is always a pleasure to us folks to hear the screams of anguish from the Communists

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and carpetbaggers at the mention of Eastland's name. Tell us some more about him. We like him, and he certainly stands for what we think.

EAVES ALLISON

Fort Pierce, Fla.

Sir:

On the whole, your article is not an unfair appraisal. But when you say "Eastland is today one of the most widely disliked men in the U.S." you could with equal truth have added that he is also today one of the most widely loved men in the South.

B. L. MOSS

Soso, Miss.

Sir:

Your cover was degraded by that nauseating, odious, ignoble, villainous picture of that venomous, Negro-hating "gentleman" known as James O. Eastland. That imperialistic background in the picture was hideous and signified the serfdom of the South.

S/SGT. L. PICKNEY

A/2C P. V. BYNUM

A/2C S. J. WILLIAMS

Sandia Base
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Sir:

It was altogether fitting to see the discredited Confederate flag beside Senator Eastland as you picture him raising the clenched fist of racial bigotry in a speech in Alabama.

FRANK J. ELLIS

Devon, Pa.

"Oh, Yes . . ."

Sir:

In your March 5 remarks on the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and the fact that it "was made possible by a grant from Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.," your music critic added the comment: "She did not get her money's worth." May I add my comment—"Oh, yes, she did!" And what is even better, music lovers seem to be getting theirs.

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR.
New York City

The Upper Lip

Sir:

Your article on Champagne Charlie [March 26] gave me quite a lift and guffaw. However, your adjective "military" as applied to Charlie's mustache missed the bull's-eye; perhaps your writer is a youngster who

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Volume LXVII
Number 18

TIME, APRIL 16, 1956



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Two superb new ships, in a remembered tradition of luxury and comfort, bring back this fall Matson's famed prewar service through the South Pacific. Beginning in October, the new MARIPOSA and MONTEREY sail every 24 days from San Francisco and Los Angeles, carrying you on glittering routes through the world's most enchanted realm. Air-conditioned, all accommodations in first class, they will provide every facility for carefree cruising enjoyment. Fares are surprisingly modest for this surpassing vacation pleasure and combination air-sea itineraries can be arranged to fit special requirements in time and budget. See your Travel Agent and plan now for this glowing adventure in travel—excitingly beyond your expectation, easily within your reach.

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doesn't happen to have seen Kaiser Wilhelm's mustache.

This writer, then a teen-ager, well remembers his residence and travels in Germany at that time, and how he had to resort to extreme measures to wear as a subtle flattery to the Germans the *Schönbarbi*, made so popular by the Kaiser. Each and every night at bedtime, one soaked the mustache with a dressing (which hardened when dry), then applied the *Schönbarbi* binder made of netlike material shaped to go under the nose and extend well toward the ears, held flat and tight by elastic bands behind the ears. After applying, each side was lifted in turn, and the wet mustache combed into the flat spread-eagle shape [see cut] which was the reward all next day for the rather tortuous all-night care not to misplace the binder.



United Press
Kaiser Wilhelm

WARREN H. WILKINSON
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

Sir:

It is damned insulting to spend over a column on Champagne Charlie and not find space to chronicle such an outstanding British aviation achievement as the record-breaking flight of Britain's F.D.-2. Had the feat been performed in an American jet, I am sure we should have had the pilot's face beaming at us from your cover.

T. D. GRIFFIN-BEALE

London

¶ Britain's Fairey Delta 2 jet broke the official world's record previously held by a U.S. Air Force F-100C. The speed: 1,132 m.p.h.—ED.

Storm Over Cyprus (Contd.)

Sir:

What next can we expect from our kissing cousins, the English? Possibly another Makarios? Or more of this heinous, hogwash courtship of "K," "B" and Malenkov? Maybe it is high time for us to make a new inventory of our allies.

L. M. ARCHER

Olean, N.Y.

Sir:

I was interested to read your comments on Cyprus in "The U.S. & Europe" (March 26): "Privately, the U.S. attitude could be summed up in a question: What do we do about an ally who frisks nuns and deports an archbishop?" I would be equally interested in knowing what the U.S. would do about nuns who carry concealed weapons and an archbishop who preaches sedition?

JOHN F. B. AMSDEN

Montreal

Sir:

As a former classmate of Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus, allow me to congratulate you for offering such a wonderful and true biography of the exiled archbishop [March 10].

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTODOULOU
Jersey City

Sir:

The arrest of the archbishop, and his exile, should have significant effects in Europe, especially in France, the Middle East and in the Kremlin. The exile symbolizes, within the web or fabric of cold war politics, a new

This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard its privacy, different names and pictures have been used.



"HE GAVE US SOMETHING WE COULDN'T BUY," says Don Lawrence of his Travelers insurance agent. "Thanks to his wise and friendly counsel, we feel a lot better about things. We know that even if I should die, there will be money for the family's well-being and for the children's education." The Travelers agent, through training and experience, can be a helpful friend and counselor for you, too. His company offers all kinds of protection—life insurance as well as insurance for your home, your car, your health and your personal possessions.

Don Lawrence is 33 years old. He earns \$6,900 a year before taxes. He has a wife, Anne, and two small children named Susan and Jeff.

He has a home, too—a five-room ranch-style house with a \$9,500 mortgage on it. A car. And a small savings account.

Those were the simple facts he gave his neighborhood Travelers agent the evening the three of them sat down together to talk things over. Don and Anne asked some questions. So did the Travelers man. And out of it all came an insurance program that spells American Family Independence for this family.

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THE GENERAL TIRE ... GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

British policy and resolution. Europe might accept British moral leadership, because Britain does not convey the impression of dominant power that is conveyed to Europe by the U.S. Europe genuinely fears America, although that might be hard to realize, but they will learn to appreciate the relationship with America correctly. Meanwhile, the declaration of Washington, the removal of Makarios together with Washington's attitude thereto, as partly political and partly symbolic (having a psychological effect), are milestones in the recovery of the West.

JOHN UARK

Renfrewshire, Scotland

Looking for Briley

Sir:

I deeply and sincerely resent the type of journalism practiced in the March 19 Press section, although I have no connection with the principals of the "Briley-Murphy" story except that I am acquainted with Bill Barker—I do know that all means have been taken to prevent the publication of the real name of "Ruth Simmons." This disregarded the plea for privacy voiced by Mr. Barker in the Denver Post and, in the very sarcastic manner that seems to have invaded your fine magazine, told the whole story like a schoolboy at a Peeping Tom session.

H. JACKSON CLARK

Durango, Colo.

¶ TIME brings all things.—ED.

Sir:

Animals have a memory but no intellect. Man has both, but the memory is an organic faculty, not a spiritual one. The inconsistencies in the Briley-Murphy revelations are understandable. Even if Ruth Simmons (Virginia Tighee had lived before as Briley, the only things she could remember are those which happened to her as the present Ruth Simmons).

MARC A. LAFRAMBOISE

Detroit

Sir:

Only morons would pay money for a book based on such untruth and rot. The Bible, the best seller of all time, sets forth in no uncertain terms the nature of man, and nowhere in its entirety can be found a reference to reincarnation.

J. E. ELROD

Charlotte, N.C.

Sir:

Thank you for the article on the true "discoveries" of Briley Murphy. No matter how hard we try, we still must face the inescapable: ". . . It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

MARGARET E. EASTMAN

Dennisport, Mass.

Arabs' Big Brother

Sir:

I read with interest your March 26 article "Big Brother"—The people of the Arab world, from the Persian Gulf to the Atlantic Ocean, are entitled to their freedom and liberty. To me what Nasser is trying to achieve now is something more or less similar to your Monroe Doctrine. I believe that he should be credited rather than criticized for his stand.

EZZ-EL-DIN ALI MOUSTAFA

Minneapolis

Sir:

The malevolence of Radio Egypt is shocking. The French have radio transmitters all over Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, who are Britain and France sitting around like simple minnows sucking their thumbs? I am no expert, but I have had some slight contact



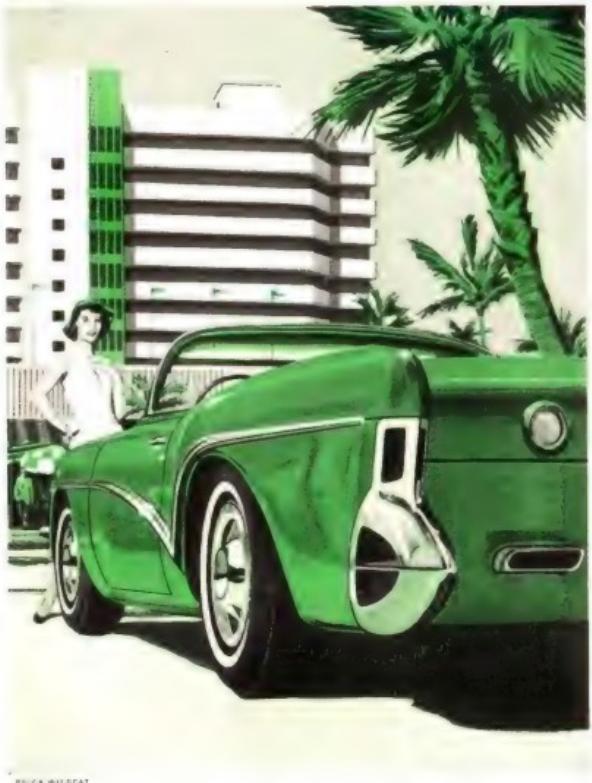
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with these matters; it does not require a decision in Parliament to overpower a malicious radio transmitter.

F. H. RILEY
Commander, U.S.N.

Alexandria, Va.

The Catholic Family

Sir:

Your review of Jesuit Father John L. Thomas' book [March 26] deserves close scrutiny and high praise by Roman Catholics outside the U.S. It certainly offers a great challenge, inducing us to pray hard for them in the U.S. . . .

DOMINIC N. TAGAKI
Society of St. Vincent de Paul
Tokyo

Sir:

I was pleased to read the excerpts from *The American Catholic Family*. I have independently come to the same conclusions concerning orthodox Judaism in the U.S. I am sure that Father Thomas' conclusions will be a valuable aid to the clergy of all religions.

MORTON SUMNER
President
Student Organization of Yeshiva
New York City

Buttressing the Sags

Sir:

Lilly Daché's *Glamour Book* [March 26] admonishes the disrobed woman to stand in front of a full-length mirror and look at yourself. Be brave, for this is going to be a shock." But what warning does she give? "Husband: see also men," who stands with "hands, shaking from nervousness"? Well may Lilly stand, as your picture shows, with her right hand supporting "bulges in the wrong places," etc. I suggest she read her book and buttress the sags.

SAMUEL ROSEN
Detroit

Sir:

Although I haven't read her "definitive" book, I will venture to say that the bulge around Lilly's middle could be corrected in diet, exercise and a well-fitted girdle.

HARRIET STOLOROW
Jackson, Mich.

Men of Howard

Sir:

Your March 10 story of Mordecai Johnson and Howard University is a bright chapter in the history of American education. You can add to the list of distinguished alumni of Howard the name of Charles Dunbar Sherman, Finance Minister of Liberia and Economic Adviser.

PAUL M. LIMBERT
Secretary General
The World Alliance of Y.M.C.A.s
Geneva

Sir:

My thanks to you and your associates for the article. I am very glad that you mentioned Assistant Secretary Edward Finney. Preceding him and associated with him in the undertaking to secure the substantive law signed by President Coolidge was the Honorable Louis C. Cranston. Mr. Cranston is now 75 years of age, but his friendship for the Negro people continues. What he and Judge Finney have done for Howard University and for the Negro people has been a great expression of duty to their God and to their country.

MORDECAI W. JOHNSON
President
Howard University
Washington, D.C.



A. Louis Oresman, President of Catalina, Inc., asks

"Can you pick the winner?"

"The bathing suit business is like a beauty contest. You never can tell in advance which models are going to win!"

"This year, for example, we designed more than 400 different suits. Those that catch on in the stores get a flood of rush orders! They push our production facilities to the utmost. And that, in turn, puts the pressure on shipping and delivery.

"But even though our manufacturing is done in the Los Angeles area, we never have delivery problems anywhere in

the 48 states! They're all solved for us by Air Express! And Air Express has never failed us!"

"Using Air Express regularly, we can fill rush orders anywhere in the country in a matter of hours. And in the highly competitive fashion business, that's important!"

"And yet, most of our shipments cost less than any other air service. 10 lbs., for instance, Los Angeles to Dallas, is \$5.70. It's the lowest-priced complete air service by 81¢!"



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CALL AIR EXPRESS . . . division of RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

The Quiz Panel with the most



The "panel" you see here has never appeared on TV.

Yet it probably receives and answers more questions in one week than all the quiz shows in a whole year of television.

The "panel" represents a few of the 187 officers of the Continental Illinois Bank.

A "world of banks"

This is one of America's largest banks.

More than that, it is the hub of a *network* of over 3000 correspondent banks spreading out from coast to coast, border to border and

across the oceans. Through these far-flung associations, the Continental can provide its customers with the advice of literally a *world* of banking and bankers.

Ask the Continental!

No wonder the Continental Illinois is a panel of information on markets, credits, people and places, unrivaled in the business world.

No wonder its customers have come to take for granted banking service that's far beyond the usual. Speedier. Versatile. Understanding. Mature.

answers is not on a TV network

(It's "the bank that is a world of banks")



No wonder, when they come to this bank with a question, a problem, a request, they come with advance assurance of a complete and satisfying answer.

A suggestion on choosing a bank

Wherever you are, a banking relationship with the Continental Illinois can be profitable for you. Its services, speed, and widespread connections make it an ideal regional deposi-

tory for firms in all 48 states.

Its aggressive business philosophy makes it an ideal source of loans for commercial borrowers everywhere.

And, remember, when your local bank is a correspondent of the Continental Illinois, you enjoy many of the valuable accommodations which the network makes possible. It's good for you when *your bank* is able to say, "Let's ask the Continental!"



CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS
NATIONAL BANK
AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

...well named, the "Continental"



**NO TIME FOR TIRE TROUBLE,
NO TIME TO IGNORE SAFETY**
You don't need a puncture to get a flat tire. A tire weakened by bruises or heat can give out any time. That's why you need nylon cord tires for utmost protection against tire failure.

IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS:

**Only nylon cord tires
can give you utmost safety
—surest protection
against tire trouble**

DuPont produces the nylon fiber.
Tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires
—in tubeless or conventional types.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY
Watch "DuPont Cavalcade Theater" on Television

For some kinds of driving, ordinary cord tires will meet your needs. But there are too many times when you can't afford to risk tire trouble or ignore tire safety—when you need tires that assure greatest dependability. These are the times you'll be glad you're riding on tires with nylon cords.

You'll find nylon cord tires cost very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon.

THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO... NYLON DOES BEST! Nylon gives superior resistance to brute damage, moisture, heat and flex fatigue.

Nylon makes possible a far stronger tire cord than conventional yarns—provides greater safety and durability. Today almost every military and commercial aircraft lands on nylon cord tires; billions of miles of truck-tire use have proved nylon's superiority.



"I learned about insurance the *hard way*"

SAYS MR. ERVIN TUCKER

"I mean it. My wife and a friend were driving outside of town. The other car came on, driving in the wrong lane. There wasn't time to swerve. That was it. They were lucky to escape with minor injuries.

"But it taught us one thing—how nice the other fellow's insurance company can be. He was insured with Hardware Mutuals. Their representatives were thorough and fair in every respect.

"They checked with us several times after the accident —showing a genuine interest in our welfare and the progress of recovery from our injuries. Mind you, this was Hardware Mutuals, the other man's insurance company.



"Then, as soon as the medical treatment was completed and the bills were received, a fair settlement was made. The accident happened December 1st. We received our payments by December 28th.

"They didn't pay us any more than we had coming, but their service and fair, prompt claim settlement sold me. Hardware Mutuals carry our auto insurance now."

The Policy Back of the Policy

It takes the people of Hardware Mutuals to demonstrate the personal service and extra benefits of our nationally known policy back of the policy.



CLAIM PAID
TO MR. ERVIN TUCKER,
NORFOLK, NEBRASKA.
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INSURED FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE... HOME... BUSINESS
Hardware Mutuals.
Stevens Point, Wisconsin Offices Coast to Coast
HARDWARE MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

A Moral Strategy

Home from Russia this week flew the U.S.'s Ambassador to Moscow, Charles Eustis Bohlen, to help guide State Department tacticians in fashioning policies to match the changing offensives of the Communist world. The details would require careful study, for the cold war has taken a turn that has boosted the stock of neutralists, encouraged U.S.-baiters in the Western Alliance (see FOREIGN NEWS), and set in motion powerful new anti-colonial forces. But the job of fashioning counter-plans would be hopeless if the U.S. first failed to take stock of its own basic role and mission in the world. Last week Dwight Eisenhower provided just such a stock-taking in an off the cuff speech before the Twelfth Annual Conference of the Advertising Council in Washington.

"The United States," said the President, "cannot live alone—a paragon of prosperity—with all the rest of the world sinking lower and lower in its standards of living. There are many ways in which we can use our influence to make certain that other peoples recognize the virtues of a free, competitive capitalistic system rather than to take the shortcut—the spurious and false road that is offered them by the Communistic ideology . . . And so we must carry not only a material message to the world of what kind of enterprise we have—the kind of system—can do for a people. We must carry those moral values, spiritual values of the worth of man—what he is entitled to as an individual."

"Let us not forget for one instant that we are putting \$36 or \$37 billions of expenditures every year into arms and armaments, [and] that . . . they will merely defend what we have got. But when you talk about something that promotes a business arrangement—trade—when you can talk about something that proposes a better understanding . . . then you are talking about something constructive, something that yields results over the years to come. Don't make the ignorant, uninformed decision that only in armaments are we going to find the solution of our foreign problems."

"And since we have been favored by the system that our forefathers gave us, by the resources that God gave us, by the good fortune we have of having been born and raised here through the finest educa-



IKE ADDRESSING THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL.
The U.S. cannot live by arms alone.

International

tional and health systems in the world, and so on, let us use our brains to make certain we sustain our position by helping everybody else to realize their own aspirations and legitimate ambitions, not necessarily in the exact pattern of this country . . . We can preach and show that we believe in the dignity of man, in the independence of nations, the right of people to determine for themselves their own faith. I couldn't conceive of any job in this world being in better hands than that of the American people."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Walking Softly

Tolerance and restraint are main threads in the fabric of Washington's diplomacy, and they neatly stitched together last week both the President's and the Secretary of State's press conferences. Needed by provocative questions on successive days, Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles responded with an even-voiced summary of U.S. attitudes on the explosive issues around the globe. The roundup:

Destalinization. "The essential question is this," said Dulles. "Are the Soviet rulers now attacking the basic causes of domestic discontent and foreign distrust.

or is their purpose merely to allay this discontent and distrust?" The "downgrading of Stalin" and the policy of smiles have not relaxed the Soviet grasp on the satellites, or checked Soviet attempts to subvert free countries and regions, e.g., the Middle East.

"Nevertheless," said Dulles, "the fact that the Soviet rulers now denounce much of the past gives cause for hope, because it demonstrates that liberalizing influences from within and without can bring about peaceful change . . . The yearnings of subject peoples are not to be satisfied merely by a rewriting of past history. Thus we can hope for ultimate changes more fundamental than any that have so far been revealed." Added the President next day: "It might be, you might say, a forced—or the beginning of a forced—reformation of some kind."

Western Unity. "One of the great things of NATO," said Eisenhower "is to make us all feel we are part and parcel of the same defensive security problem . . . When you know someone is with you . . . you have got a strength that is very hard to defeat." Dulles was sure that the free world would maintain its unity in the face of Soviet change. "Unity has to be carefully differentiated from conformity. That is the difference between our system and

the Communist system . . . We tolerate and welcome differences of opinion . . . Goodness knows, we don't want any satellites." When free world countries get into disputes in which the U.S. is not directly involved, e.g., the Dutch-Indonesian row about New Guinea, "we expect to continue to take a position of neutrality."

Iceland. The resolution of Iceland's Parliament for the withdrawal of U.S. troops (TIME, April 9) is "understandable," said Dulles, in that the 5,000-man U.S. garrison was a large one for Iceland's 160,000 people to absorb: "There is, I think, a feeling in Iceland that perhaps the recent Soviet moves make this less necessary. But I do not think that it is reflective of anything other than a desire to minimize the presence of foreign troops,

and time again [that] I am not going to order any troops into anything that can be interpreted as war unless Congress directs it."

Anti-Americanism. Secretary Dulles resisted the invitation to snap back at French Premier Guy Mollet and other overseas critics of U.S. policies (see FOREIGN NEWS). "I feel the fact that those criticisms are made, freely made," he said, "is one of the greatest tributes to the U.S. that could be made. Because all those countries know that they can criticize the U.S. without any fear of any reprisals, or that we will change the principles which actuate us. We are not trying to run a popularity contest, and we don't give or withhold assistance on the basis of whether people say nice things about us or not."



FARM BILL CONFEREES ELLENDER & COOLEY
Up a statistical stairway to the promised land

insofar as it can safely be done." Still open for discussion at a future NATO meeting: "The question of how safely it can be done." Added Ike: "They are our friends, the Icelanders are, there is no question."

The Middle East. Peace, independence and higher living standards are still the U.S. objectives, said Ike and Dulles. The U.S. had taken no decision on Israel's request for U.S. arms; the U.S. did not agree with Britain that Egypt's Premier Nasser was a menace. The President saw no need for "a firmer line": "I would have to say 'firmer line' with respect to what, where, when . . . [The Middle East problem] is like a stack of jackstraws. Every time you touch one, you are very apt to move the whole crowd, and equilibrium is, to a certain extent, destroyed. That is what we don't want." Asked if he would order "those Marines that were sent over to the Mediterranean" into war without the consent of Congress, Ike reddened with anger. "I get discouraged sometimes here . . . I have announced time and time

THE CONGRESS Play to the Farm Vote

"Unacceptable hodgepodge," snapped Agriculture Secretary Benson a month ago when the Senate passed a farm bill freighted with amendments designed to curry election-year favor with virtually every special interest in U.S. agriculture. Last week, in more diplomatic vein, President Eisenhower made a public appeal to the House-Senate Conference Committee that was ironing out differences between the Senate bill and an almost equally objectionable farm bill passed by the House a year ago. Said the President in his press conference: "I have never been one to say . . . that you must hold up good things in order to attain perfection . . . I am looking for a good bill for farmers and one that makes sense . . . I just am not demanding my own ideas . . ."

In effect, Ike seemed to be proclaiming his willingness to compromise, but asking for a bill that he could sign in good conscience. But some of the ten members

of the conference committee read Ike's statement as a hint that he would accept complete emasculation of the Administration's flexible price support program rather than veto a farm bill this year. Accordingly, at week's end, the committee came forth (by an 8-to-2 vote, Vermont's Republican George Aiken and Florida's Democratic Spessard Holland dissenting) with a bill that Democratic Senator Allen Ellender, the committee's chairman, jauntily declared "gave the President everything he asked for, and added some ideas of our own." What Louisiana's Ellender apparently meant was that the bill gave the President the soil bank program (backed by an authorization of \$1.2 billion) that he had asked for as a cure for surpluses. But the conference committee had coupled with it an utterly contradictory, surplus-producing, one-year restoration of mandatory supports for five basic commodities (cotton, wheat, corn, rice and peanuts) at 90% of parity.

Other bad news in the bill:

¶ Mandatory 85% of parity supports for feed grains—an increase of 15% over present pegged prices.

¶ Minimum 80% of parity for dairy products—an increase of 5% over present supports. (Said Benson: "This would return us to the dark days of 1953 and 1954.")

¶ Dual parity, an arrangement that would set up two methods of calculating parity prices on wheat, corn, cotton, rice and peanuts and give farmers the higher of the two. (Said Benson: "This would make a joke of parity. Parity . . . would become a statistical stairway to the promised land.")

Hailing this catchall as a bill "that will give immediate relief to farmers," Ellender and Democrat Harold Cooley, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, announced that they "fully expected" it would pass both House and Senate, perhaps within the week. At week's end President Eisenhower called Ezra Benson in for a discussion of the bill. Emerging, Benson strongly implied a veto unless Congress changed the measure considerably. Then Ike set up a farm bill conference with congressional leaders. The White House hope, a dim one: House and Senate may still make some sense out of what the conference committee has brought forth.

THE PRIMARIES Something for Everybody

Of all the primaries on the calendar before convention time, Wisconsin's was the one that was the closest thing to a pollster's dream of the perfect test of November. Of Wisconsin's 2,200,000 voters, some 58% live in and around cities, and the 42% rural population ranges from Cadillac-owning dairy farmers to the hard-pressed hog raisers and cattlemen along the Mississippi River and in the southwest. Even better, there was only one Democrat, Estes Kefauver, running against one Republican, Ike Eisenhower.

(although Ike had a nuisance challenge for the nomination from Ashland's fiery McCarthyite editor, John B. Chapple).

Stormy Weather. Last week Wisconsin obliged the pollsters in properly oracular fashion—by raising more questions than it really answered. The Republicans carried nine out of ten congressional districts, 58 out of 71 counties, and 58% of the total vote (for Ike, 426,408; for Chapple, 20,558). The G.O.P. percentage of total votes was down 18 points from the 1952 primary (when the Republicans came out in droves for a five-man race that did not include Eisenhower), and down only three points from the 1952 general election, when Ike carried the state.

In any case, it was another good showing for Estes Kefauver, and he seized upon it to announce that Wisconsin proved "real unrest against the Eisenhower-Benson program." And indeed unrest (general or not) was probably the safest word.

The total Wisconsin rural vote, traditionally Republican, was down from the 1952 general election, principally because the weather was stormy and there were few exciting local contests on the ballots. In well-to-do farm counties, the Democratic percentage climbed moderately, e.g., in Jefferson County from 1952's 33% to 37%. In the marginal farm areas and in some hog-raising areas, the Democratic vote climbed more sharply, e.g., in Iowa County from 30.5% to 44.3%.

Deceptive Calm. But Wisconsin's real surprise came from the cities. Kefauver had thought normally Democratic Milwaukee (52% for Stevenson in 1952) was so safe that he made only one speech there during his four days of Wisconsin campaigning in January and February. Last week, in a big, cross-section turnout (because of the mayoralty race—see below), Eisenhower won 52% of Milwaukee's vote. His greatest gains came in

labor wards, and, perhaps significantly, in heavily Negro wards.

These results, like the farm findings, raised some interesting next questions, but that was about all. As the independent Milwaukee *Journal* observed: "There was something for everybody in [the] presidential primary—and really not enough for anybody to wad a political shotgun."

DEMOCRATS

"After You, Estes"

Campaigning in Florida, Adlai Stevenson delivered the sharpest personal attack he has yet made on Estes Kefauver. Said Stevenson in a speech last week at Jacksonville: "There may be such a thing as wanting to be President too badly. And that may be one of the reasons why none of Kefauver's colleagues in the Senate and so few of the party leaders around the country have endorsed him." Then, citing his chapter and verse, Adlai accused Kefauver of missing vital congressional votes, planting the impression that Estes neglected legislation for electioneering.

In response, the astonished Kefauver revealed an aspect of his personality rarely seen by the U.S. public. Angry, the molasses-voiced Tennessean called a press conference, accused Adlai of "mudslinging and character assassination . . . I am surprised and disappointed." But even in anger, Estes was careful to display Sunday school magnanimity. "I'm not going to engage in personalities," said he. "I will simply turn the other cheek."

Sincere Flattery. Stevenson's blast certainly demonstrated one thing: Estes is on his mind. Most of last week Stevenson was busy paying Kefauver the sincerest form of flattery. Rolling into Jacksonville on a one-day drive to win friends and influence Florida's May 29 primary, Stevenson stopped off on Main Street, where he popped in and out of half a dozen stores, shaking hands and telling all comers, "I'm Adlai Stevenson, and I need your support." In Kefauver's underdog tone, Adlai solemnly assured newsmen that he faced "an uphill battle" in Florida. (When a reporter remarked that Kefauver had made the same claim a day earlier, Stevenson countered: "I guess then it's 'After you, Adlai.' After you, Estes.")

Back in his own Illinois, where he said he thought that Kefauver would probably get a "substantial" write-in vote in this week's Illinois primary, Stevenson gave the clearest indication of all of the Kefauver influence. Contrary to his original plans, announced Adlai, he was going to make an electioneering trip to Oregon some time before the May 18 primary. Since the Minnesota primary both Kefauver and Stevenson supporters have organized write-in campaigns in Oregon (where neither candidate is officially entered). The once-alooft Stevenson clearly felt he was now obliged to meet Kefauver on any grounds where Kefauver chose to fight.

Shooting Singles. Meanwhile, Estes rolled across the country as politicos' closest approximation to perpetual motion. In



United Press

STEVENSON IN FLORIDA
"I need you," said the candidate.

three days early in the week he stormed the east coast of Florida from Jacksonville to Coral Gables. Everywhere he went he repeated the tried-and-true Kefauver vote-getting tactics which, said one Floridian, reminded him of "a quail hunting shooting singles." In Jacksonville with a few minutes to spare, he carried on a vigorous sidewalk campaign in the neighborhood of his hotel, then went into a barbershop to announce, "I'm Estes Kefauver. I'm running for President. I want your vote." Replied the barber: "I know who you are. You're the man everybody is against for President except the people."

Between handshakings he delivered nearly a dozen speeches, including one that contained a forthright statement on school desegregation. Said he: "If I am elected, it will be my duty to uphold the Constitution of the United States and the Supreme Court decision is the law of the land . . . You know and I know it's ridiculous to say that a Supreme Court decision is unconstitutional."

The Physical Viewpoint. From Miami, Kefauver headed west to Omaha to fulfill a precampaign promise to deliver a non-political speech to the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs. As befitted a man with high hopes of capturing Nebraska's twelve Democratic Convention votes, he improved the shining hour by showing up for a luncheon meeting of the local Democratic Central Committee. Afterward he boarded a plane for New Jersey, where five more grueling days of campaigning awaited him.

At week's end Estes Kefauver had every cause to be pleased with his progress. Though he insisted (and local docters agreed) that he was still running second to Stevenson in Florida, he had clearly made inroads in Adlai's strength there. And while New Jersey still looked safe for Governor Robert Meyner's slate in the April 17 primary, it was noteworthy that Meyner huddled with Estes for 40 minutes behind closed doors and



Associated Press

KEFAUVER IN NEW JERSEY
"I know," said the barber.

REVOLT of the MODERATES

Author Lubell

AS political reporter, analyst and author, Samuel (*The Future of American Politics*) Lubell, 44, has long trudged across the U.S. ringing doorbells like a brush salesman, shaking hands like a Kefauver and asking questions with the persistence of a six-year-old. He takes what people tell him, mixes it thoroughly with detailed county-by-county analysis of presidential election returns going as far back as the Civil War, and adds a large pinch of punditry.

Out of this formula has come another penetrating Lubell book on American politics. Its title: *Revolt of the Moderates* (Harper: \$3.75). Its principal propositions for political 1956:

1) The U.S. is "a nation turned conservative, and struggling to give effective voice and force to that conservatism."

2) The odds favor a Republican victory in 1956.

Taft Could Have Won. "Rarely in American history," Lubell writes, "has the craving for tranquillity and moderation commanded more general public support."

This craving, he thinks, was the main factor in Dwight Eisenhower's election in 1952. In fact, Lubell believes (as he explained in the *Wall Street Journal* last October) that almost any other candidate, the late Robert A. Taft included, could have won, albeit by a smaller margin than Eisenhower's. The nation was ready to take any Republican v. any Democrat because of angry opposition to a long list of disturbing Truman Administration policies, topped by Korea.

Furthermore, his book implies, the narrow Democratic congressional victories of 1954 really foreshadowed Republican success in 1956, rather than a reversal of 1952's G.O.P. trend. The American voter has an emotional fear of depression and war, and his vote on election day often depends on which seems to loom largest at the moment. By 1954, the memory of Korea had begun to fade; the chief issue was economic, and Democratic allusions to the Republicans as a depression party had their effect.

"In the shuffle of ballots, one item of striking significance was widely overlooked—in a vote dominated by



pocketbook considerations, the Republicans had come close to running the Democrats a dead heat! The booming prosperity since 1954 has strengthened further the Republican economic appeal . . . The chief Republican liability [i.e., the stigma of depressions] has been ebbing—just how fast is the question that probably will decide the 1956 election."

With perhaps a pollster's predictable prejudice, Lubell disputes the theory that "great men make history," argues instead that in the U.S. the voter does far more to shape the politician than vice versa. In such a half-light, Lubell regards President Eisenhower as "one of the most masterful politicians in American history . . . adept in 'giving the people what they want.' Ike's presidential success depends not on a 'follow-me' type of leadership but on 'the skill with which he has followed the public mood . . . He has led the people by moving in the direction toward which they were already inclined."

A Time to Worry? While anticipating a Republican victory this year, Lubell thinks it likely that neither party will win a truly decisive majority before 1960 or possibly 1964, because the U.S. electorate is at "almost dead-weight evenness." A sizable part of it has "developed what might be described as a strong case of political insomnia, tossing from one party bed to another." What the people want is to stay squarely in the middle, and, perhaps unconsciously, they use each party to check the other.

Lubell hopes the moderates will, before too long, cast their lot with one party or the other; he does not suggest which. With the realignment completed, the two trim and muscular political forces would then slug it out. Moderate Lubell wants the moderates to win—but not until there has been a good fight. "The continuing fight—not sweetness and light—is the hallmark of the American democracy. The hidden strength of our democracy springs from the very vigor with which we battle ourselves into unity . . . The time to worry about this country is not when we are battling among ourselves, for it is then that our democracy functions best. The time to worry is when all is 'moderation.'"

was careful to show him every mark of public amity, including a joint press conference. Said Kefauver's Campaign Manager F. (or Florence) Joseph Donohue: "We've been lonesome in the Kefauver camp for a long time. Before New Hampshire, hardly anybody would speak to us. After New Hampshire we got a polite 'How do you do.' After Minnesota, they really acted as if they were happy to talk to us. Since the Wisconsin vote some people are so polite it's embarrassing."

The Walkers

While Estes and Adlai were running hard, two Democrats who are still walking coughed audibly for attention.

¶ In Texas Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson summoned reporters to his splendid LBJ Ranch near Johnson City (named for his grandpa) to pass the word that he was throwing his pearl grey Stetson into the presidential ring as a favorite son candidate. Johnson, recovered from a sharp coronary attack, made it clear that his objective was not so much to win the presidential nomination as to take control of Texas' 56-man delegation away from Governor Allan Shivers, who distressed Johnson (and outraged House Majority Leader Sam Rayburn) by leading Texas into the Eisenhower camp in 1952.

¶ In Ohio Governor Frank Lausche, currently an unopposed candidate for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator, was asked again whether he considered himself a potential presidential nominee. Said Lausche: "I have not arrogated to myself the ability and the courage that it requires to fill the post . . . I know my limitations and, sincerely, I do not intend to be looking at the stars situated in the remote, limitless space, while at the same time stumbling and fumbling over the pitfalls that lie in the pathway of the work which I now have to do. I am not seeking that post. I want to repeat what I have said in the past, that if by some miraculous chance the assignment should come to me, I will not flee the responsibility." In other words: yes, indeed.

POLITICAL NOTES

The Smear That Failed

Right up to election eve, his enemies spared no smear in their efforts to unseat able, 43-year-old Mayor Frank Zeidler of Milwaukee. A few days before the election, supporters of Alderman Milton McGuire, Zeidler's opponent, published advertisements (later repudiated by McGuire) which declared that Milwaukee was infested with marijuana and liquor-crazed juveniles and that "hoodlum mobs" ranged the city "with wolf-pack viciousness." Despite this and a whispering campaign that labeled him a "nigger lover" (TIME, April 2), Socialist Zeidler last week won his third consecutive term by a majority of 23,000 votes (out of 214,000 cast). But regardless of the voters' verdict, the whispering campaign had been damaging, and the racial tensions it had aroused would continue to haunt Milwaukee for a long time to come.

COMMUNISTS

Tax Matter

After holding the offices of Manhattan's *Daily Worker* for eight days, the U.S. Internal Revenue Service last week let the Communist daily's staffers go back to their desks. Price of the settlement: \$3,000, which the *Worker's* attorney put up as bond for the release of typewriters, desks, Addressograph machines, etc. As the *Worker's* settlers settled in, U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell said that the raids on the *Worker* and the Communist Party in six U.S. cities were aimed at collecting delinquent taxes and not at halting subversion. They were not planned and directed from his Washington office (*TIME*, April 9), said Brownell, but by Manhattan Internal Revenue Director Donald R. Moisey. Like other Washington officials, Brownell added, he learned about the raids from a news ticker.

AMERICANA

Love for Three Dimples

Dwarfed by the hulking form of the American Export liner *Constitution*, a crowd of hundreds gathered Pier 84 in Manhattan one foggy day last week. Man, woman and teen-ager alike, they were waiting for a glimpse of the movie queen (Grace Patricia Kelly) who was sailing to Monaco to wed the reigning Prince (His Serene Highness Rainier III). Two hours before sailing time, Grace arrived in a black limousine, wearing a beige wool suit, a white straw hat shaped like a mushroom, and a radiant look. Not far to the rear came a retinue of 80—friends, relatives, business associates. And then—tagged “Grace Kelly, The Palace, Monaco”—four trunks and 56 other pieces of luggage, including 20 hatboxes (“I love hats, and at last they’ve begun to have the saucy look I like”).

With a winning smile for even the stolid longshoremen, Grace walked up the gangplank, made her way to the sun deck, where another crowd awaited her.

“Please! Please!” This one represented, in effect, most of the population of the U.S. in the form of 250 reporters, photographers and movie and television cameramen. Because it was raining on deck, Grace appeared for her press conference in the Pool Café room, flanked by five pressagents and a platoon of cops. The room was packed from wall to wall. Quietly she was backed into a corner, with cameras and newsmen inches from her face.

It was a mob scene. Crushed together, reporters shouted their questions; photographers climbed on the bar, on tables, stools, railing, on each other's shoulders for height, and with flashbulbs crunching underfoot, shouted orders at their victim: “Hey, Grace! Looka me!” “Stand up, Grace!” “Take it off, Grace [the hat]!” Other photographers crowded out onto the deck, whammed their fists against the glass wall to catch her attention. The conference got so out of hand that a pressagent shouted: “Please! Please! Behave

like ladies and gentlemen!” Another cried: “This is a press conference, not a riot! Unless you back up and give this lady some air, it will end immediately.”

“It Is Quite Frightening!” Through it all, Grace was unruffled, cool, completely gracious, although she was endowed with a bride's right to dissolve into tears, screams or a hysterical combination of both. “I wish people would be more considerate of each other,” she said in an accent that is neither Philadelphia, London nor Hollywood, but seems to have traces of each. “The way you are stamping on each other—it is quite frightening.” But she never stopped smiling, and all the while three dimples showed in each cheek.

She even managed to answer some questions. Would she raise a large family? “I hope so.” What about her citizenship? “I will have dual citizenship, but my son

THE WHITE HOUSE

The Visitor

In Washington, where tourists were thick as the pink blossoms on the Japanese cherry trees last week, a shabby, middle-aged woman attracted no attention when she entered the line of sightseers winding through the White House one morning. Tucked under her arm was a folded newspaper; in the fold were three matchboxes, a crumpled packet of cellophane and paper napkins.

While the rest of the tourists enjoyed the elegance and peeked around hopefully for a glimpse of the tenants. Mrs. Hilda Marie Marks leaned over a velvet guide rope in the chandeliered Red Room, dropped the newspaper on a chair and tossed a lighted box of matches on it. Moments later a guard saw the flame



GRACE KELLY'S SENDOFF ABOARD THE "CONSTITUTION"
Princess, Duchess, Marquise, Baroness, Seigneurress, and Oliver, of course.

International

will be Monégasque.” Who will be on the yacht during the seagoing honeymoon? “Just a crew of ten—and my poodle Oliver, of course.”

When the session was over, she headed demurely for a private family party for friends. Then, after the “All Ashore,” she joined a cluster of family and members of her wedding party at the bow to wave to the crowds on the pier. Finally, at 12:05 p.m., the *Constitution* was warped out into the Hudson River, headed out through the fog so that Grace Kelly could wed her Prince, could give up the good name “Kelly” to become instead Her Serene Highness Princess Grace of Monaco, Duchess of Valentinois, the Marquise of Baux, Countess of Carladès, Baroness of Buis, Seigneurress of Saint-Rémy, and many other aristocratic titles too numerous to mention—and also, if possible, give birth to an heir, without whom, under a 1918 treaty, her subjects will come under French law and have to pay taxes.

crackled up and snuffed it: there was no damage, no fire alarm, no report to the President at work in his office a hundred yards away. There was also, when the guard had the fire out and looked around to see who caused it, no sign of Hilda Marks. She had moved with the line to other rooms; so engrossed were the sightseers around her that none noticed her at work.

Forty minutes later, in the Executive Office Building across West Executive Avenue from the White House, Hilda Marks lit a small fire in a fourth floor library; less than an hour later she had two more going in lavatories—all three were small, and none caused damage. But they drew a brigade of police; as Hilda started a fifth fire in a second floor restroom, a woman detective nabbed her.

While she was questioned, Mrs. Marks tried to light two more fires; to Secret Service agents she explained that she had a lot of trash and wanted to burn it. The

agents determined that she lived in St. Clair Shores, Mich., had arrived in Washington two days earlier by bus, that since 1932 she had periodically been in mental hospitals. She was packed off to Gallinger Hospital for observation because, as Presidential Press Secretary Hagerly explained it, she was "not quite lucid."

The 6,675 visitors who toured the White House that day with Hilda Marie Marks brushed closer to history than they realized. As far as could be determined, no one else had come to set the place afire since the British put the torch to it in 1814.

TEXAS

What's So Funny?

Most Texans blame sheer envy for the fact that in recent years Texas has come to rank well ahead of mothers-in-law as a butt for U.S. humorists. Last week in the Dallas *News* wry Columnist Paul Crume offered another explanation: "Texas is the only thing left in the U.S. strong enough to stand being laughed at . . .

"You can't laugh at other states or cities, for instance, or they will get mad. As a state, California is very sensitive and has a right to be. Anybody who has ever seen Philadelphia knows that it is no laughing matter. Florida is a few fauna and flora entirely hidden by New York salesmen; when the alligators spot the first visitors arriving they run off in the swamp and hide. If you josh Oklahoma a little, they bring up that football team . . .

"You can't laugh at people any more. The dialect story is out. Stories about races and creeds are bootleg items. Only the Irish have not laid down the law, and the Irish joke has been damaged because people have found out that Pat and Mike were really not Irishmen. All Irishmen are named Sean . . . All this leaves Texas as the thing that the U.S. people can laugh about without looking over their shoulder or lowering their voices, and it is a good thing. The people which can't laugh at itself is going crazy."

MICHIGAN

Buyer Beware

On Detroit's comfortably middle-class Robson Avenue one evening last week, 500 angry people acted out a savage syllogism: 1) Negroes are not welcome on Robson Avenue, 2) the new family is Negro, 3) the new family must get out. To emphasize the harsh conclusion, bigot hands hurled stones through two front windows of the neat brick house. Inside, John Rouse and his family, who had moved in the day before, were shocked and bewildered.

A 69-year-old retired bodyguard who once worked for the late Detroit Industrialist Walter O. Briggs Sr., Rouse insisted that he was half Cherokee, half French Canadian, and his wife Scotch-Irish by descent—but nobody listened.

Instead, he was visited by officers of the neighborhood improvement association, who "started questioning us and demanding that we sell to them." The shattered windows fresh in his mind, Rouse agreed. The sale price was \$18,500, or \$2,000 more than he paid; in return he was to move his wife Bertha, 70, his daughter Merle Evelyn Hickman and her sons Alfred, 10, and Paul, 7, within 60 days. While the sale was being closed, a crowd of 500 milled outside; in a campaign that would have shamed racist South Africa, doorbells had been rung through the neighborhood in an effort to bring out 1,000 people.

Even in Detroit, where unsteady race relations make a police "commando squad"



United Press

NEIGHBOR ROUSE
Rumors turned to rocks.

necessary, indignant voices were raised for Rouse. Detroit University's Father John E. Coogan, S.J., chairman of the city's Commission on Community Relations, urged the Rouse family to "refuse to yield to violence." Rouse, who said he had always lived in white neighborhoods without trouble, confessed he had no stomach for pioneering among "people who start trouble without even seeing me and my wife. I would have held out except for the grandchildren. If they lived here and went to school, the kids would pick on them, maybe rough them up. It could hurt them, maybe ruin their lives." Improvement Association President Thomas J. Collins had a more pointed answer: "It doesn't matter what Father Coogan says now. The Rouses will sell. We've made the deposit. We're willing to accept the loss and that's it."

But there was more than that. Robson Avenue turned its attention to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hays, who had sold their home to Rouse and moved to suburban Livonia. A delegation paid a special visit to Livonia to warn the Hays' new neighbors that the Hays needed watching because they were just the type who would sell a home to Negroes.

In all the passion and prejudice there was one heartening note: Mrs. Rouse's old neighbors telephoned to urge the Rouses to move back to their old home on American Avenue.

CONNECTICUT

Cure for Speeders

Last December Connecticut's Democratic Governor Abraham Ribicoff decided to take drastic action to reduce his state's automobile accident rate. On his order (and a warning that no crackdown would mean no reappointment), Connecticut judges began handing speeders 30-day license suspensions on first arrest and 60-day suspensions for second offenses. With mixed prudence and pride, Connecticut motorists trod more lightly on the gas pedal. Last week Ribicoff happily announced the first fruits of his campaign: in the first three months of this year, Connecticut traffic fatalities were nearly 15% lower (down to 63) than in the first quarter of 1955.

ARMED FORCES

Unlimited Wings

Ever since airpower became a factor in modern warfare, military strategists have dreamed of a warplane with no practical limit to its cruising range. Even when physicists scoffed, the dreamers started investigating atomic power as a feasible power source. This week there were new indications the U.S. is moving closer than dreams to building an atom-powered aircraft.

Awarded by the Air Force to Lockheed Aircraft Corp. and Convair Division of General Dynamics Corp. were competitive contracts for the development of air frames capable of carrying atomic engines. Lockheed will conduct its program at a giant new installation in Georgia; Convair will continue work at its Fort Worth plant, where it began such research in 1951. The winner of the competition will presumably get a production contract.

How far along General Electric and Pratt & Whitney are in their work on nuclear power plants for the craft, the Defense Department is not saying. But the new contracts indicate that the troublesome weight problem—elaborate radiation protection is needed for the crews—may be whittled, or nearly so. Another sign: the Air Force plans to construct a multimillion-dollar, 15,000-ft-long runway at the National Reactor Testing Station near Idaho Falls, Idaho. Its probable use: testing of atom-powered aircraft.

THE ATOM Undercover Accident

An Atomic Energy Commission laboratory proved once again last week that classification can get to be a habit, covering bungles as well as military secrets, and denying essential information to Government atomic contractors.

The Experimental Breeder Reactor No. 1 at the National Reactor Testing Station, Arco, Idaho, has been in operation since 1951, generating a small amount of electricity and yielding information of great importance to public utility companies that plan to build giant power reactors of similar type. Last year the laboratory began a series of risky but wholly legitimate experiments to find out how the reactors would behave during sudden power surges, i.e., sudden increases in the speed of the nuclear reaction. The first experiments went well. The temperature of the reacting core (about the size of a football and heavily shielded) rose as scheduled, but cooled off obediently when controls went into action.

On Nov. 29 the automatic controls were shut off, and the reactor was made to surge without them. A technician stood ready at the manually operated controls, waiting for a command from the scientist in charge. Deep under its shield the core grew hotter and hotter, its temperature rising toward the danger point. The scientist, watching the instruments, told the technician to shut the reactor off instantly, but his order was misunderstood; the technician used control devices that were too slow. Before they could take effect the core had partially melted. Instruments warned of radiation danger, the alarm was given, and the building was cleared. No one was hurt, but the reactor is still shut down.

The accident, which had no bearing on military secrets, was the first of its kind among the U.S.'s operating reactors. Atomic-minded industrialists, who need to know all there is to know about the safety of the large power reactors before they build their own, were told nothing. A few weeks ago, rumors began to circulate, and the AEC was forced to issue a brief release. But the authorities at Arco would not allow outsiders to see the damaged reactor, and AEChairman Lewis Strauss denied that even the rumors had reached him.

INVESTIGATIONS

Matter of Whits

In the seven weeks since the President vetoed the gas bill because of an "arrogant" attempt at lobbying, a Senate Select Committee has been investigating the celebrated \$2,500 "campaign contribution" to South Dakota's Republican Senator Francis Case (Time, Feb. 20). Chaired by Georgia's painstaking Walter George, the committee has listened to 22 witnesses, taken 849 pages of testimony, spent \$10,000—all the while following meticulously



Howe Walker—LIFE
SELECT COMMITTEE'S GEORGE
The members resented

the Senate's instructions to see and hear no evil other than that bearing on the Case case. Last week the committee delivered itself of a weighty verdict that advanced public knowledge not a whit: "The objective of the individuals who initiated and carried out this chain of events was to influence by political contribution the vote of a member of the U.S. Senate. The Select Committee condemns such activity. Lobbying is proper; contributions are proper—but they must not be combined for an ulterior purpose. This is a case of irresponsibility run riot."

Here and there the George committee had a hard word to say about the individ-



Albert Bennett
SMITH ACT'S SMITH
The author dissented.

uals concerned. For example, the Superior Oil Co. of California's \$1,000-a-month lobbyist John Neff "acted with consummate indiscretion in making his promises contacts" in Washington, South Dakota, Iowa and Montana. On one occasion, "while Mr. Neff succeeded in not violating any law here, he appears to have had every intention to do so." Superior Oil's President Howard B. Keck was not responsible for the specifics, but he showed "remarkable laxity" in delegating the expenditure of his "personal funds." As for mild Senator Case, who has never quite squared himself with the Senate leadership for calling attention to the whole mess, the committee could muster up only the lamest kind of praise: "The committee does not intend to cast any reflection upon Senator Case."

THE SUPREME COURT Only Feds for the Reds

For his operations as western Pennsylvania's top Communist Party leader Steve Nelson, 41, was convicted in two courts. A Pennsylvania Court of Quarter Sessions gave him a stiff 20-year sentence and \$10,000 fine for twelve violations of the 47-year-old state sedition act; then a Federal District Court added a milder five-year term for Smith Act violations. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court tossed out (6-3) Nelson's conviction by the state of Pennsylvania, ruled that the Federal Government alone may prosecute those who advocate its overthrow.

The ruling threw a large question mark at similar statutes of Hawaii, Alaska and 42 states (all except Arizona, Missouri, North and South Dakota, South Carolina and Oregon). One state pressingly affected: Kentucky, where ex-Newspaper Carl Braden, rabid a Communist and convicted 16 months ago under a state law for advocating sedition, is now appealing a 15-year sentence and \$5,000 fine.

"Congress," said Chief Justice Warren in delivering the majority opinion, "intended to occupy the field of sedition" when it passed the 1940 Smith Act and succeeding anti-subversive statutes. State laws are "in no sense uniform," and their enforcement could present "serious danger of conflict" with federal anti-subversion operations. In the strongest dissent that Earl Warren has ever faced, Justices Stanley Reed, Sherman Minton and Harold Burton argued that "in the responsibility of national and local governments to protect themselves against sedition there is no dominant interest . . . Congress has not, in any of its statutes relating to sedition, specifically barred the exercise of state power to punish the same acts under state law."

Dissenting also was the man who framed the Smith Act, Virginia's Democratic Representative Howard W. Smith who says that Congress never meant to write off state sedition laws. He has already introduced legislation that would put them back in force.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE MIDDLE EAST

Divided Partners

In other times, the incident at Gaza might have seemed routine. But last week the foreboding eye of the West was fixed on the bristling cockpit of war that is the Middle East. Egyptian mortars opened fire on Israeli patrols along the Gaza border, as they had on many another routine patrol before. But this time the patrol pinned down in a gully, lost three men before Israeli artillery counterfire released them, and the bitter reflux of reprisals began. The Israelis shelled an Egyptian village, the Egyptians replied with mortars on four Israeli frontier settlements, the Israelis retaliated by a heavy shelling of the crowded Egyptian

Britain disagreed, and with some bitterness. "It is painfully clear to everybody, except Mr. Dulles, not only that the Middle East might blow up at any moment, but also that American dilatoriness and reluctance to look at the Middle East as it is impose the severest possible strain on Western unity," snapped Britain's weekly *Spectator*.

In the space of two months, the British attitude has perceptibly hardened. Government spokesmen talk gravely of how essential Middle East oil is to Britain's very existence. Crisis phrases—such as "No appeasement"—leap from leader writers' typewriters. Though Sir Anthony Eden says nothing publicly, the government's tough line on Cyprus—the airborne dispatch of two battalions of paratroopers,

head of a deadly trinity: Communist arms, Saudi-Arabian oil royalties, Egyptian intrigue. Last week Nasser candidly told New York *Timesman* Osgood Caruthers that his chief ambition is "to spoil the British plans in the Middle East." The threat of Communism, he said, is not nearly so great as the efforts of "imperialists and colonialists" to re-gain the area as their exclusive sphere of influence.

That was plain enough for the British. When Dulles next day described Nasser as "actuated primarily by a desire to maintain the genuine independence of that area," the British press reacted with such angry cartoons as Cummings' in Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* (see cut). Another cartoonist showed a patient Eden being kicked by a childlike Nasser, while Dulles, dressed as a nursemaid, says: "Don't take on so, Master Anthony, the little lad appears to be actuated by a desire to maintain genuine independence." The *Tory Daily Mail* snapped: "In sermons against colonialism [the Americans] have helped preach faithful allies out of invaluable bases. But they have not preached themselves out of Okinawa, Formosa, or Puerto Rico."

Faced with Nasser's explicit threats, the British are now thinking of supplying arms to Israel (despite the Foreign Office's classic bias against Israel). And they are eager to shore up Nasser's principal Arab rival, the pro-British regime of Iraq's Premier Nuri es-Said.

The British, however loud their public outcries against the U.S., are pressing urgently through diplomatic channels for U.S. support in their policies. EDEN TO EISENHOWER—STATE YOUR MIDDLE EAST POLICY NOW, headlined the *Daily Express*. The British would like the U.S. to help the Baghdad Pact (and especially Iraq) with economic aid, to provide a demonstration to the Arab nations that it pays to be friends of the West. They are annoyed that the U.S. has refused to join the Northern Tier pact that John Foster Dulles himself suggested. They are even more irritated by the U.S. argument that if the U.S. supplies arms to Israel it would set off an arms race, but if the British supply the arms, it would only be a routine act of a "traditional supplier."

Last week, at British urging, the U.S. made a calculated gesture of support for the Baghdad Pact. The State Department announced that it was sending Deputy Under Secretary of State Loy Henderson, an old and good friend of the Arabs, to the pact's meeting next week. But simultaneously, State reiterated that the U.S. would not adhere to the pact "at this time."

New Doubts. The U.S., too, is having second thoughts about Egypt's ambitious dictator, but it is not yet prepared to write him off. It still regards him as an able, honest and dedicated leader of Egypt. It disapproves of Radio Cairo's vicious



city of Gaza. Before the U.N. Commission could get a cease-fire, 55 civilians in Gaza had died under Israeli shells. Israeli losses: four soldiers killed, four civilians wounded.

The news of the Gaza shelling broke just as U.N. Secretary Dag Hammarskjold prepared to take off on a mission to the Middle East. In sponsoring the U.N. resolution which dispatched him, the U.S. had hoped his presence could quiet the borders and add authority to the U.N. Truce Commission. Hammarskjold himself described his trip as a best "just an episode on the long road" toward Palestine settlement. At this moment, peace in the Middle East is only a relative condition, and settlement a dreamer's word. But is open war, then, a likely possibility?

Bitter Divergence. On this basic question, the U.S. and Britain broke into open divergence last week. U.S. strategists think that neither Egypt nor Israel wants war now. Discussing the possibility of the President's ordering U.S. troops into action in a Middle Eastern emergency, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said: "We do not know of any such emergency."

the defiance of world opinion in exiling Archbishop Makarios—looks beyond Cyprus itself. Britain wants to be ready to act swiftly in the Middle East. It fears a new anti-British outbreak in Jordan, and is ready to fly in paratroopers to help young King Hussein put it down. For if Britain loses its hold in Jordan, it has jeopardized its control of the vital Iraq oilfields next door.

Britain has at long last chosen sides in the Middle East, while the U.S. continues to favor an impartial stand, however precarious. The side Britain has chosen is not pro-Israel, but anti-Nasser. Egypt's 38-year-old military ruler, once hopefully regarded by the British—even though he drove them from the Suez—is now in British eyes the Middle East's villain No. 1.

Deadly Trinity. Six months ago the British were assiduously wooing Nasser, hoping he would join the anti-Communist Baghdad Pact, bring stability to the Middle East, make peace with Israel (Eden even hinted last fall of British backing for a settlement based on Israel's giving up to Egypt a slice of the Negev desert).

Now the British see him as the reckless

propaganda campaigns, preaching hatred and revolt to other Arab nations (*TIME*, March 26), but also hesitates to make common cause with discredited colonial positions, and to assume the ancient burden of hostility (the U.S. has earned enough Arab hostility on its own by its sponsorship of Israel).

The U.S. is painfully aware that Nasser is opportunistically playing off East against West, but believes that to cut him off from Western friendship would only throw him completely into the arms of the Communists—where Nasser himself, in the last analysis, does not want to be. These new doubts about Nasser, and his own attempt to improve the bargain, have held back the final signing of an agreement with him (by the U.S., Britain and the World Bank) to build the \$1.3 billion Aswan Dam on the Nile—a project bigger than the Pyramids and infinitely more useful. Nasser last week casually let drop to the *New York Times's* Caruthers: "We have not yet rejected the Soviet offer—I do not mention [this] as a threat or as bluff."

All these complicated crosscurrents lay behind Britain's decision to take sides, behind Dulles' determination "to continue to take a position of neutrality," and behind the angry rift between the two partners.

WESTERN EUROPE Retreat from Fear?

Socialist Premier Guy Mollet is a Frenchman who seems so shy and timid that in World War II the Gestapo once let him go, after arresting him as a Resistance leader, because they could not believe he had the requisite tough qualities. Last week this deceptively mild ex-high-school teacher of English stirred up an international commotion by challenging the foundations of Western policy and criticizing France's allies (particularly the U.S.) in terms more caustic than any other French Premier has used since the days of Charles de Gaulle.

In an interview with *U.S. News & World Report*, Mollet declared that Americans have bestowed their "fantastic" sums of financial aid so "haughtily" and with so much "preaching" that they have made themselves "detested" round the world. The U.S., he said, is overemphasizing the military side of its policy, and so letting the Communists steal peace as a weapon of propaganda. From the time both the U.S. and Russia exploded the H-bomb, Mollet has "never believed" in the threat of a major Soviet attack, and in his opinion the position the U.S., Britain and France took at Geneva last summer, in putting German reunification ahead of disarmament, was "a bad one."

Patriot's Proof. At a time when critics from Reykjavik to London to New Delhi are potshotting at the U.S., there was very little freshness in Mollet's words; the newness was that they should come from the mouth of a French Premier. Only three weeks before, Mollet's For-

eign Minister and Fellow Socialist Christian Pineau had made a calculatingly indiscreet speech suggesting that there was no longer a common purpose in Western foreign policy (*TIME*, March 12). Behind such taunts and twists were a whole host of political factors, not the least Mollet's own political predicament.

"To prove one's French nationalism today," said a Swiss observer last week, "one doesn't have to criticize Russia, or even Germany. One does better to denounce the U.S."

Mollet, in his ten weeks as chief of France's first Socialist-run government in eight years, has had frustratingly little chance to carry out Socialist policies. Like most Socialists a visceral pacifist, he has been compelled by events to call up troops to wage war in Algeria. Pledged to enact the welfare state, he must refrain from Socialist economics because the Algerian campaign eats up all his revenues. With only the field of foreign affairs left in which to strike popular attitudes, Mollet and Pineau have accordingly thrown themselves with ideological ardor into pooh-poohing the Soviet military menace, urging disarmament, and giggling the U.S.

This has landed Socialist Mollet, who is no Popular Fronter, in the bear's hug embrace of the Soviets. At a Moscow reception last week Nikita Khrushchev turned jubilantly to Foreign Minister Molotov and said: "Do you remember how we defended this [disarmament] position at Geneva and then did not insist on it when we saw that it was irreconcilable with the Western stand?" Without giving Molotov time to answer, Khrushchev added:

* As a left-winger himself, he likes to say that the Communists are not Left but East

ed: "Now Mollet is saying what we said."

In sounding off as he did, Premier Mollet reflects a Europe-wide mood that is increasingly jeopardizing NATO's purpose. Iceland's Parliament has called for withdrawal of NATO troops from the island on the ground that tensions have eased so much since Geneva. In answer to Mollet, the Bonn government last week sent Paris a bristling note that all but accused the French Premier of adopting the Soviet line. Germans thought they heard in Mollet the dawn echoes of a familiar French dream: an unspoken alliance with Russia against a strong Germany.

Yet for all the official German reiteration of its devotion to Western policy, the fact is that in West Germany, nobody is keen to join the new German army. Business wants no new defense industry to dislocate the country's soaring prosperity. Hardlined Finance Minister Fritz Schäffer has decided that a mere 5.5% of the gross national product is a sufficient contribution for defense costs, and last week refused again to kick in the \$700 million that Bonn has hitherto paid for support of the Allied troops who constitute the country's only defense.

The Link Theory. "The trouble," reported *TIME* Correspondent Jim Bell, "is that the Geneva Summit meeting killed the fear on which NATO was built." At ceremonies outside Paris last week marking NATO's seventh anniversary, General Alfred Maximilian Gruenther put an optimistic face on things, and tried to get abreast of the new trend. As if acknowledging some force to Mollet's charges of exaggerated preoccupation with military matters, Gruenther said: "Because NATO has so grown in stature and in military strength . . . NATO can now move with



United Press

GENERAL GRUENTHER & PREMIER MOLLET AT NATO BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
A link is neither East nor West.

greater strength into other [social and economic] fields. We at SHAPE are pleased that the time has now come when greater emphasis can also be placed upon these nonmilitary activities."

An arm's length away from Gruenthal stood Premier Mollet, solemn in black Mourning. When it came his turn to speak, he seized the occasion to pledge anew his government's dedication to the NATO alliance. "I need not repeat to you," he said, "that France will re-establish at the very earliest possible moment the full strength of her contribution to the common defense on continental soil."

The need for France to give such a reassurance stems partly from the kind of remark made recently by Socialist Pineau: "We want to remain a link between the blocs, but without renouncing our friendships." To become a link between East and West, said Mollet, correcting his Foreign Minister, France would have to "cease to belong to the West."

ALGERIA

Logic v. Scruples

For weeks Algeria's Minister Resident Robert Lacoste had been insisting he needed at least 100,000 more troops to restore order in Algeria. For weeks schoolmasterly Socialist Premier Guy Mollet put off the decision. He knew that France's military barrel was empty, and that reinforcements could be found only through the politically unpopular method of recalling reservists. And as a Socialist, he had campaigned on a liberal program of "peace in Algeria," based on concessions and negotiations. Last week Lacoste flew back to Paris and threatened to resign unless the troops were forthcoming. Faced with the hard logic of rebellion, Mollet slyly took leave of his Socialist scruples and agreed that 30,000 reservists would be called to the colors at once, another 70,000 in the next few months.

Six months ago, Mollet might have sympathized with the words written by the left-wing editor Claude Bourdet in his weekly *L'Observateur*: "One hundred thousand young Frenchmen are threatened with being thrown into the 'dirty war' of Algeria, with losing the best years of their lives, perhaps with being wounded, indeed killed, for a cause few among them approve." But now, in a panicky gesture that reflects the government's skittishness, Editor Bourdet was unceremoniously arrested by Mollet's government, accused of spreading "demoralization."

In Algeria, where the new troops will bring France's total to over 330,000, the French found hopeful signs in the fact that the *fellaghas* were fighting among themselves. The Algerian National Movement, directed by bearded Messali Hadj from his enforced exile on an island off the Brittany coast, has been making a major effort to recapture the influence it lost to the more militant National Liberation Front, whose forces are commanded by Mohammed ben Bella and supported from Cairo by Egypt's ambitious Pre-



ALGERIA'S MESSALI HADJ
A knife at the throat.

mier Nasser. Twice French troops have come across troops of Arabs with their throats slit, apparently killed by rival *fellaghas*. Last week Liberation agents obliquely tipped off French police to a dynamite plot planned by Messali Hadj adherents in Orleansville. The French surprised the plotters, arrested 23.

SPAIN

Yokes & Arrows

Morocco's Sultan ben Youssef, Mohammed V, only 31 months ago exiled by the French to remote Madagascar, was being courted like a king. At Rabat airport last week, as he stepped aboard an



MOROCCO'S MOHAMMED V & FRANCO
A kiss on both cheeks.

Iberia Super-Constellation for a visit to Spain, a hand played the *Marsella*, and French High Commissioner André Louis Dallois was at his side to remind him that Morocco owed its new "independence within interdependence" to France. Hours later in Madrid, Dictator Franco and a phalanx of bemused Falangists roared an ovation to show that they also had something to give the Sultan.

Embracing Ben Youssef and kissing him on both cheeks in the best Arab tradition, Franco led him to a Rolls-Royce, and together, flanked by a squadron of Franco's Moorish guard, they drove into Madrid, while thousands of Spaniards waved handkerchiefs and cried *Viva el Sultan!* Later at Franco's El Pardo palace, the Order of the Yoke and Arrows (a Falangist creation) was hung around the Sultan's neck. Then the Moroccans got down to business in the Goya room at El Pardo. Recognizing that Spain's 44-year-old Moroccan protectorate (a kind of sublease from French Morocco) no longer "corresponds to present reality," Franco agreed to yield the 18,000 sq. mi. of Spanish Morocco to the Sultan's sovereignty. (By prior arrangement the cities of Ceuta and Melilla, Spanish for more than three centuries, and Tangier, a free money international zone, were not mentioned.) In return Franco asked for the same rights in the Sultan's new united Morocco that the French enjoy under their new treaty, and certain specific economic concessions. It was agreed that Spain's 100,000-man army, whose native troops will eventually become part of the Sultan's own army, would remain in Morocco in Spanish hands for the time being. It was a triumphant and happy day for Mohammed V, who can now count himself ruler of a united land of 9,000,000 people.

COMMUNISTS

Death & Devotion

In the world's chancelleries the No. 1 item of wonderment was the Soviet Union's unflaggingly active and aggressive foreign policy in the face of convulsive disorder within the Communist Parties. While the West grappled with problems created by Soviet diplomacy, the process of destroying the legend of Joseph Stalin was causing obvious and increasing confusion in Russia and the satellite states. If the Soviet Union had not yet found it necessary to make policy concessions on this account, it was because the West had not yet discovered how to exploit a state of disorder, which may even reflect a critical weakness.

The only people who seemed to have put destalinization to some advantage so far were some deviationists in Russia. In a burst of articles the Moscow press last week revealed that party meetings called to criticize the "cult of personality" frequently became critical of the party itself. Said *Pravda*: "We cannot disregard the fact that some rotten elements are trying to make use of criticism and self-criticism

for all sorts of . . . anti-party assertions [and are] repeating the hackneyed, slanderous inventions of the foreign reactionary propaganda."

Pravda attacked a number of local party officials and scientists Avakov, Olov, Nesterov and Shchedrin for "slanderous statements directed against the party's policy and its Leninist foundations." Singled out for his "provocative, antiparty" attitude was Economist L. D. Yaroshenko whom Stalin himself denounced for "Bukharinism."

Thus the present "collective leadership" indicated that not only were there deviationists at work in Russia, but showed itself almost as nervous about them as Stalin had been about Bukharin (whom he had executed). Warned *Pravda*

"The party has never tolerated and will not tolerate petty bourgeois licentiousness . . . The party cannot permit the freedom of discussing problems to be interpreted as freedom to propagate views alien to the spirit of Marxism-Leninism."

Well might free discussion worry the Communist leaders; when they talked of Stalin's great crime, the obvious question to them was, "Where were you?" and the only answer was, "We were afraid." Such a confession of cowardice, and the implied admission of complicity in Stalin's crimes, hardly enhanced their claims to be leaders of men.

The Great Rewrite. One of the chief side effects of the Great Rewrite of history is the rehabilitation of former "Titoist criminals," dead or alive. Among last week's subjects for party absolution was Traicho Kostov, a Bulgarian Communist who had shocked his judges and been hissed in court when he denied having made the 32,000-word "confession" of traitorous acts presented at his trial in 1949. Last week it seemed that Kostov, who had been duly hanged, was really innocent all along.

In Poland ex-Deputy Prime Minister Wladyslaw Gomulka, arrested at the height of the anti-Tito campaign but never brought to trial, was released from prison along with dozens of other postwar Polish Communist leaders. "This does not mean," said Party Secretary Edward Ochab, "that the party subsequently approves of his political opinions. We admit, however, that his arrest was unjustified." Ochab followed through with a slashing attack on the "cunning sophistry" of Stalin, whom "we regarded as the model of revolutionary virtue."

The speed with which the curtain of murderous secrecy was being torn from past Communist pretension was making fools of foreign Communist leaders. In Rome Palmiro Togliatti, facing lethargic Italian Communist National Council meeting, swept his arms towards a picture of Stalin hanging on a marble column, shouted: "They say we have dethroned a saint. I say to them we have never had saints . . . He has conquered his place in history . . . as builder and defender of Socialist society."

In Red China there was a belated and

cautious reappraisal of Stalin. The former great leader said the *People's Daily*, was "conceited and not circumspect," his thinking "subjective and one-sided." He carried the "extermination of counterrevolutionaries to excess" and showed "lack of necessary vigilance" on the eve of World War II. Reprinted in Soviet newspapers, this criticism was the first public statement in Russia (as distinct from party briefings) of Stalin's guilty incompetency in World War II.

Visiting Stockholm last week, aging (71) Hungarian Communist George Lukacs added a grim footnote to *Pravda's* recent belated praise of Bela Kun, famed leader of the unsuccessful Hungarian revolution of 1919. Bela Kun, whose fate has been one of the mysteries of international Communism, was secretly tried and executed by Stalin's order in 1938, said Lukacs. Wiped out with Bela Kun, he

The Blind Advance Man

To the very end of his hectic three-week cover-story tour, pudgy little Grigory Malenkov kept smiling his guileless-looking kewpie doll's smile, fascinating working girls, and murmuring sweet nothings to every Briton within handshaking range of his far-flying ZIS limousine. "Such a charmer," said the *Daily Herald*. "Irresistible," admitted a woman from the Tory *Daily Sketch*. Last week between sending a Russian perfume called "Night" to Ballerina Margot Fonteyn and paying a visit to Karl Marx's grave in London's Highgate Cemetery, the adroit advance man for Khrushchev and Bulganin smiled unfailingly through a huge farewell press conference at the Russian embassy.

Malenkov began with a beaming report of the "wonderful," "talented" and "hos-



MALENKOV & BRITISH COWHANDS
Behind the smile, a watchful eye.

added, were a hundred other Hungarian Communists and "the entire Polish Communist leadership" numbering several hundred men. According to approving George Lukacs: "The Russians are now going to rehabilitate their victims in enormous numbers, dead or alive . . . Every single case must be reviewed," a job likely to take "quite some time because their number is staggering."

In Communism's strange and dark world, unmasking yesterday's lie does not establish the truth of today's correction. More is involved in this great upheaval than a pious desire to redress the memory of dead comrades. The outside world can only guess at what conflict of motives inside the Kremlin drives its leaders to a reckless unraveling of the past, but does know that it is a dangerous game—the kind that usually calls for victims.

pitiable" British people he had met. Then for 40 minutes he fielded questions from some 300 newsmen (the biggest press conference in London's history), answering the questioners quickly in his sharp tenor and smiling so steadily that one reporter said it made his own face ache just watching. Questions covered everything. A newshawk asked his impressions of English women. He chuckled jovially: "It was difficult for me to make love to English women through an interpreter."

His good humor seemed just as unruled, his expression just as bland, when a reporter asked if he felt "any sense of guilt for your part in the Stalin purges?" Replied the only surviving member of the special commission that carried out Stalin's party liquidations of the '30s: "Under collective leadership we always feel responsible for the shortcomings and

errors we have made, and we openly admit them to our people. This helps rectify the position." Still smiling, Malenkov wound up confidently promising that the Soviet Union would win "the battle of coexistence" in "much less than 100 years." Then Malenkov soared off for Moscow in his Russian jetliner.

But behind the bland smile had been a watchful eye, appraising his audience well, and judging what should and should not be done during Khrushchev's and Bulganin's visit a fortnight hence. He had seen the unanimous press attack on Secret Police Chief Ivan Serov, denouncing Serov as a "thug," "butcher" and "murderer" when Serov flew in last month to check security arrangements for K. & B. And though Russian Ambassador Jacob Malik had said repeatedly that Serov would nonetheless accompany K. & B., Moscow last week discreetly dropped the head terrorist from the list of top Communists coming to Britain.

Purger Purged

The young Greek who arrived in Moscow in 1928 passed all the tests in applied terror and subversion at the Lenin International School. Three years later Joseph Stalin, embarked on his drive for absolute power, made Nicholas Zachariades boss of the strategic Greek Communist Party. Inside or outside Russia in the next quarter of a century there were few more devoted Stalinists.

Brawling his way to power in 1935, Zachariades (who toughened himself by bathing in freezing water after the ancient Spartan custom) knifed a policeman to death in an Athens street fight. Next year Greek Dictator John Metaxas locked him away in a medieval prison on the island of Corfu. In prison, learning that Stalin was still honoring his pact with Hitler, Zachariades ordered Greek Communists to cease resisting the 1940 Italian invasion. When Greece fell to the Axis, the Germans shipped Zachariades from Corfu to Dachau, where the U.S. Army found him in 1945 and flew him home to Greece.

Back in Athens Zachariades resumed leadership of the Communist Party. For a couple of years he organized political support for Communist guerrillas in Macedonia, notwithstanding Stalin's promise to Churchill in 1944 that Greece would stay a British sphere in return for a British hand-off in the Balkans. With the outbreak of full-scale war between the guerrillas and the Greek army in 1947, Zachariades took to the hills. It was Zachariades' idea to kidnap thousands of peasant children and hold them hostage for the loyalty of their parents. When the U.S.-backed Greek army defeated the Communist partisans in 1949, Zachariades fled to Rumania. At Stalin's blood-mindless behest, he ordered the execution of Partisan General Markos Vafades. Thereafter he dribbled Communist spies into Greece, whom he denounced whenever the police got on their trail.

But Zachariades' most slavish service to Stalin occurred in the period following

Tito's defection in 1948. A big wheel in the vast Cominform propaganda machine, Zachariades spewed abuse on Tito, accused him of bringing about the defeat of the Greek partisans. Gimlet-eyed Tito (also a Moscow alumnus) did not forget. Last year, when Khrushchev and Bulganin came to eat crow at Tito's table, one of the first remarks made by Tito was: "Zachariades has got to go." Said Bulganin: "Don't worry. Time will take care of things." Last week time caught up with 53-year-old Zachariades. The Cominform announced that he had been found "guilty of serious political mistakes of a sectarian nature" and "incorrect Leftist policy during the Greek people's struggle during 1945-49." Dropped from the leadership (but not yet expelled from the party), Zachariades was replaced by 65-year-old Apostolos Geros, a virtual unknown.

In Communism's purge of the purgers, Zachariades' was the first head to fall outside the Soviet Union.

ITALY

Monster's Child

When black-haired Carolina was nine years old, she saw her father commit a murder. "Father was squabbling in the kitchen one night with a stranger," she remembers. "I heard them and went to look. On the kitchen floor I saw a man with his throat cut and his head all bloody. I hurried back to bed."

A few months later Carolina's father, Ernesto Picchioni, was known to all Italy as the "Monster of Nerola." With her mother, two sisters and a brother, Caro-

lina lived with him in a dank stone cottage in a lonely gorge in the hills east of Rome. Father Picchioni was an itinerant olive-picker, chicken thief, and loud-mouthed braggart who was first a Fascist, later a Communist. Always roaring at his wife and children, he once made them dig a long family grave in the backyard so that "it will be ready when I want to get rid of you."

After Dark. One night in 1944 a lawyer named Pietro Monni stopped in the lonely gorge to ask help in fixing the leak in his bicycle tire, and stayed for the night. Carolina's mother heard a shot. "I got up and saw my husband carrying out a big bundle—a sheet with a human foot hanging out." Three years later another bicyclist stopped, and did not live the night. This time Carolina's terrified mother summoned her courage and notified the police. At the trial Picchioni brazenly confessed to two more murders, and a dozen others were attributed to him. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Carolina's mother took up washing and Carolina and her sisters were sent to Rome's House of Calasanzone Sisters for orphans and convicts' children.

At the orphanage Carolina learned to sew, made laces, embroideries, bridal trousseaux; she left the institution only for group walks, saw no movies, read only religious books. In the home's routine, she rose every day at 5:30, attended Mass at 6, worked all day.

Carolina had grown into a tall, slim, black-eyed girl of 17 when, one day last fall, the Sisters told all 157 girls to line up for inspection. A greyling, well-dressed man looked along the line and said: "I'll take that one," and pointed to Carolina. Hastily, the Sisters told him the story of her father. "All the more reason to take her," said he. "She deserves a break."

Pygmalion. Carolina's benefactor was an Englishman named Robert Wilbraham Fitz Aucher. A vicar's son, Fitz Aucher was a man of great charm and erratic fortune. Three years ago he struck it rich when he sold a rust-proofing process to a Belgian steel concern for close to \$1,000,000. After that he expanded gloriously, launching enterprises from Norway to Iran. He did not marry, but brooding on his loneliness, decided to adopt children. He dreamed of being a Pygmalion to some poor Italian girl and transforming her into a perfect English lady. Italian friends sent him to the Calasanzone Sisters.

Fitz Aucher arranged a legal guardianship for Carolina and younger sister Gabriella. While he traveled the international business circuit, Fitz Aucher lodged Carolina with an elderly couple in one of Rome's most expensive districts. Carolina went on a happy whirl of movies and shopping, rode home weekly in a Rolls-Royce to her old village of Nerola. Fitz Aucher started her studying English, tennis, driving, planned to adopt her formally and take her to London.

A fortnight ago Fitz Aucher died of a heart attack. Last week every daily news-



Roma's Press Photo
CAROLINA PICCHIONI
Her eyes were upon the Texans.

paper in Rome headlined the happy story of *La Cenerentola*, the Cinderella girl, who had inherited an estimated \$2,000,000 in her benefactor's will. Carolina, the monster's child, had overnight become the richest 17-year-old girl in Italy. She talked happily of building a home for her mother, of praying for the soul of Signor Fitz Aucher, that "very good man," and of going to Texas to see some cowboys.

CEYLON

Surprising Defeat

At the Bandung conference of Afro-Asian nations last year, Ceylon's Prime Minister Sir John Kotewala earned the free world's gratitude by angrily and eloquently insisting that any denunciations of colonialism should include a denunciation of the one real imperialism in the world today—Communist Russia's. India's Nehru, who had hoped to introduce his friend, Communist China's Chou En-lai, to his fellow Asians in a benevolent atmosphere, was outraged (TIME, May 21). What gave Sir John's words added weight was that he was himself a neutralist, opposed to SEATO though devoted to the British Commonwealth.

Sir John surprised the world then. Last week his own countrymen surprised him. When Sir John recently dissolved Parliament and ordered new elections, no one expected real trouble. His United National Party had been in power for 25 years, held a comfortable 54 seats in the 95-member Parliament. Chief opposition to his United National Party was an unlikely coalition called the People's United Front, comprised of such uneasy partners as a Buddhist party, a Trotskyite group and the supernationalist Ceylon Freedom Party. The coalition demanded the nationalization of all tea and rubber plantations still in British hands, and the ejection of British forces from the new Commonwealth nation of Ceylon. (The naval base at Trincomalee and the air base at Negombo are the last remaining British bases between the Middle East and Malaya.)

Budding Buddhists. Sir John, himself a wealthy planter, always sought his political support chiefly among the middle class. For their votes, his opposition concentrated on the poor, the country villagers, the discontented. Soon the campaign turned into a contest in Buddhism. There are 5,500,000 Buddhists among Ceylon's 8,000,000 population, and each side strove to outdo the other in pledges of devotion to Buddha. Campaign cars careened through Ceylon's palms and rice fields loaded with saffron-robed monks, and each side accused the other of employing fake monks.

Voting was spread over three election days. In the hope of creating a bandwagon psychology, Sir John had arranged to have his "sure" candidates on the first-day list. The bandwagon never rolled; it was swamped under a torrent of opposition votes. Sir John lost two-thirds of his Cabinet, as his party held on to only



NEUTRALIST BANDARANAIKE
Remember Mark Twain.

eight seats out of 42 at stake. The coalition won 28, the Communists five. At the second-day election, Sir John failed to hold a single seat, while the coalition picked up 14.

The Unwild Men. The new government will probably be headed by a man impressively named Solomon West Ridgway Diaz Bandaranaike, a rich landowner who was a student with Sir Anthony Eden at Oxford. Once a member of Sir John's Cabinet, he broke away to form the Freedom Party. His program includes establishment of diplomatic relations with Red China and Russia, avoidance of "power blocs" and friendship for "all" nations on the Nehru plan. In a post-victory interview, he predicted that Ceylon would become a republic within a year, though perhaps remaining in the Commonwealth. As for the British bases, which are both a profitable source of revenue and supply cheap defense, Bandaranaike declared that their evacuation seemed "rather crucial," but added: "We are not wild men. We are not anti-Western, and we are not hostile to the U.S. How could I be hostile to a country that produced Mark Twain?"

INDIA

Revolt in the Hills

Among the tribes that jealously rule the steep hills flanking the Assam Valley on India's strategic northeast frontier, none are so colorfully and fiercely independent as the Nagas. Nearly half a century of British law and the influence of U.S. Baptist missionaries have moderated their fondness for lopping off neighbors' heads, but the Nagas have never swerved from their desire to be King of the Mountain. After the British pulled out of India, the Indian government offered the Nagas tribal autonomy under New Delhi. Re-

plied a Naga spokesman: "White man was never king over us. Now black men come with guns and threaten them going to king over us. But nobody on this big earth will ever king over Nagas."

With that manifesto the Nagas launched a Mau Mau-like war of terrorism against villages and Indian government posts, wielding their razor-sharp *daws* (axlike knives) or shooting off Japanese and British arms pilfered from World War II caches. They were led by one A. Z. Phizo (who, lacking a Christian name, took the first and last letters of the alphabet). Phizo, 56, a mission-educated Naga, guided his warriors on ruthless raids in which they slaughtered hundreds of villagers and Indians, then retreated into the jungles and pathless mountain terrain.

Afraid that the Naga revolt may spread to other tribes and give Red China an opening to step in on the disputed Indo-Tibet border, Prime Minister Nehru last week called on the Indian army to join Assam's armed police in an offensive operation against the rebels. Next day Naga terrorists kidnapped seven pro-government villagers in broad daylight, beheaded four of them. In the Assam hills warriors scornfully tore from their colorful costumes the dyed goat hair that they had substituted for human hair. Into its place, once more, went the real thing.

DEFECTIONS

Spring Flight

The first warm weather of spring, descending on Berlin at the Easter holidays, gave thousands of Berliners the urge to visit friends or go sightseeing in the opposite sector of their divided city. Trains between east and west operated at twice their usual capacity, and border traffic was unusually heavy. But not everyone was on a holiday jaunt. By last week 5,400 East Germans had taken advantage of the holiday crush to seek refuge in West Berlin. Defecting at the rate of 900 a day, they created the biggest mass rush to the West since the anti-Communist riots of June 17, 1953.

Questioned by West Germans (to see whether they should be admitted as bona fide refugees), most East Germans say the reason for their flight is economics: they are tired of eking out a grim living in the East, and have heard about West Germany's booming full employment. But political reasons increase the flow: East Germans whose ears are attuned to Communist dialectic concluded that the main message of the recent East German Communist Party congress is that reunification is farther away than ever, and that the Communists are bent on building up East Germany as a separate satellite state—so the refugees decided they had better get out while the getting was good.

Newly independent Austria has a Communist refugee problem too, but with a difference. Three out of every four of the defectors crossing into Austria are in flight from Tito's Yugoslavia.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

On his "final" farewell tour of the U.S., Spain's youthful (64) Gypsy **Vicente Escudero**, grandest master of the flamenco, made an unlikely bivouac in Manhattan's staid Hotel Plaza, paused between stomping and fingernail-castaneting to reminisce about his roving life and good times. One of diminutive (5 ft. 6 in., 125 lbs.) Dancer Escudero's closest barroom buddies was the late, bibulous portrayer of Montmartre, **Maurice Utrillo**. Was Utrillo ever sober? Snorted Escudero: "Ah, poor Maurice! When not in his cups he would fall down, so he sought to avoid subtlety at all costs!" Is Escudero's pal, Painter **Salvador Dali** (on hand at the Plaza opening with his antennae mustache attuned to the wild Spanish rhythms), a fraudulent art theorist? With a big wink Escudero spoke seriously: "Since nobody knows what is true, Salvador's theory that the rhinoceros horn begins all and the cauliflower ends all (TIME, Dec. 26) may be the profoundest truth of the cosmos."

Pennsylvania State University President **Milton Eisenhower** played host to Bolivia's ebullient Ambassador to the U.S., **Victor Andrade**, wound up with the envoy awarding him Bolivia's highest civilian decoration in appreciation of Eisenhower's aid to Bolivia in 1953 when he was an emissary to Latin America.

In Manhattan, with Ringling Bros. circus going on without him just across the street, famed Clown **Emmett Kelly**, 57, involuntarily played hooky, spent his time entertaining only one kiddy, his own **Susie**, a five-month-old big-top tot. It

was the first opening Kelly had missed in his 14 years with the circus. Reason: the American Guild of Variety Artists, wrangling with Ringling Bros. over a welfare fund for circus performers, ordered Guildman Kelly to stay away.

On his way to wild and woolly Western Australia, Australia's press-potholed Prime Minister **Robert Menzies**, 61, was asked by a newsmen about rumors that he will soon resign. Snapped Politician Menzies: "I shall be certifiable [i.e., a candidate for a straitjacket] when I allow a few newspaper reporters to decide my future for me."

Outside the White House on a sunny day, **Mamie Eisenhower**, wearing a four-leaf-clover pillbox hat that soon became



MAMIE & GRANDDAUGHTER
Better than a four leaf clover

notorious because like didn't quite like it ("She's got one I like better"), displayed her newest and fourth grandchild, three-month-old Mary Jean Eisenhower.

At Princeton University, the American Whig-Clio-Sophic Society, undergraduate debating group, announced that ex-State Department Employee **Alger Hiss** will speak to the society late this month on "The Meaning of Geneva." It will be Hiss's first public address since he got out of a federal pen in 1954, after serving three years and eight months of a five-year sentence for perjury about his role as a Red agent in the State Department.

Spain's steel-nerved Bullfighter **Luis Miguel Dominguin**, in Panama to subdue some bulls, underwent a more unnerving ordeal—becoming a father for the first time. From the time that his wife, Italian Cinemactress **Lucia Bose**, left her first



Associated Press

DOMINGUIN & FAMILY
Worse than a bull ring.

labor pains until his son Luis Miguel Jr. was born 20 hours later. Matador Dominguin kept a weary vigil in the hospital. For 13 hours in the delivery room, he stood by in a pale green surgical gown, at last saw son Luis delivered by Caesarean section. Said big Luis: "If I were ever in a bullfight as frightening as that, I'd never fight again!"

In the New Jersey town of Franklin, sometime Actress **Magda (This Thing Called Love)** **Gabor**, fortyish, eldest of the three best-known U.S. glamour imports from Hungary, took a groom, Queens Contractor Arthur ("Tony") Galtucci, 45. Three years ago Mama **Jolie Gabor**, ageless, had expressed concern about marrying off twice-wed Eva and thrice-wed Magda: "It is difficult to find husbands for them. They are not little Cinderellas. Always they have had the best minks and best diamonds." Week's end brought another groom to the Gabor hearthside. In Manhattan **Eva** (younger than her mother) married handsome Beverly Hills Surgeon John Williams, 35, in a quickie ceremony at her Fifth Avenue apartment. That left only one Gabor daughter without spouse: thrice-wed **Zsa Zsa**, who claims that she will soon marry Los Angeles Contractor Hal Hayes. Murmured Jolie sadly: "I am again a little girl alone."

Uncharacteristically reticent, Artist **Diego Rivera**, 69, returned home to Mexico City after six months in Moscow, where he got radioactive cobalt treatment for skin cancer. In a rakish astrakhan hat and heavy overcoat, Communist Rivera politely gave terse answers to newsmen's questions. Was he completely cured? "Completely, I am a different man. The cobalt saved me." What's going on inside Russia? "The doctors are curing cancer." Will there be a major war soon? Muttered Rivera cryptically: "That is what many want." And then he was gone.



Associated Press

KELLY & DAUGHTER
More fun than a circus.



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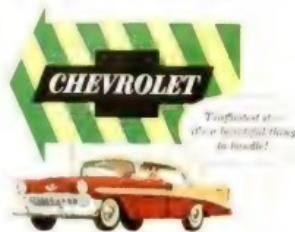
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THE HOT ONES EVEN HOTTER



MUSIC

New Opera on TV

Manhattan Composer Norman Dello Joio, 43, has been fascinated with Joan of Arc ever since he was twelve. Six years ago he completed an opera, *The Triumph of Joan* (TIME, May 22, 1950), but withdrew it after the première and used some of its music for a symphony. Still not satisfied that he had caught the inspiration of Saint Joan in music, the composer made a long study of the legal proceedings that sent Joan to the stake in 1431, finally wrote an entirely new libretto and



DELLO JOIO & MALBIN
Fascinated by a saint.

score. Titled *The Trial at Rouen*, it had its première on NBC-TV this week.

It turned out to be a 75-minute work of massive and somber effect, full of vocal know-how and modern coloration, but weak in dramatic contrast. In most of the first act Joan prepares for her fatal final appearance before her inquisitors, and a kindly priest beseeches her in a mellow song to temper her heresy. Its moment of pathos comes near act's end, as Joan refuses to exchange her male clothes for a dress, and the episode closes with music of real poignance. Act II moves more swiftly as Joan clashes violently with Bishop Pierre Cauchon, the only other major character. Her finest moments come in a dramatic song ending in her recantation. Soprano Elaine Malbin, as Joan, not only sang beautifully, but turned out to be an actress of imposing ability, and her whimper as the final flames rose about her was a terrible thing to hear.

Trial at Rouen is one of Composer Dello Joio's finest works, displaying his gift for vocal melody. The total effect is of opera in the Italian tradition, sturdier and more severe than the music of Menotti, but more full-bodied than the works of the extreme modernists.

Satisfied that he has now captured Joan as he had hoped to, Composer Dello Joio is considering a new opera that tells "an intense love story—a story about love itself." Like *Trial at Rouen*, it will be on a large scale, for Dello Joio, the son of an Italian immigrant, likes to think of himself as a spiritual descendant of Verdi. It is possible that Dello Joio will emerge as the next important grand opera composer. He is already one of the few U.S. composers who can live solely on the income from his compositions.

Much Ado About Tenors

The tenor makes fresh debut . . . Exclamations of pleasure and surprise greet his first melody . . . yet this is but the prelude to the emotions he is to stir before the evening is over . . . A number comes during which the daring artist, stressing each syllable, gives out some high chest notes with a resonant fullness, an expression of heart-rending grief, and a beauty of tone that so far nothing had led one to expect. A petrified silence reigns in the house, people hold their breath, amazement and admiration are blended in a mood akin to fear. There is, in fact, reason for fear until that extraordinary phrase comes to an end. . .

—Hector Berlioz,

*Evenings with the Orchestra**

In the 104 years since Composer Berlioz made his observations there has been little change in the perilous artistic life of the operatic tenor. His concern about whether the next high C will crack and degenerate into an ignominious squeak—or whether his voice will simply refuse to make any sound at all—keeps him in a constant state of apprehension. Moreover, the whole business of singing at the top of his voice and range presents an additional physical hazard. The fact that good tenors are always in short supply aggravates the other problems by encouraging the poor fellow to sing more than is good for him. It all adds up to a disease that might be called tenoritis. Symptoms:

¶ Elphantiasis of the ego. The star tenor tends to swagger in company as well as on stage; he is quite sure that women have a yen for him—and so, usually, is his wife. He lords it over his colleagues and is inclined to feel that he need not rehearse with the rest of the cast. Like most singers, he thinks he is better than the impresario does, and demands starring roles too early in his career.

¶ Volatile temperament. Germany's Wagnerian Tenor Hans Beirer is not ordi-

* First published in 1852, Berlioz's *Les Soirées de l'Orchestre* is being reissued next week in an excellent new translation by Jacques Barzun (Knopf, 326 pp.; \$6). An immediate bestseller and rarely out of print from the day of first publication, it is a delightful series of satires, morals, gags and yarns about music supposedly spoken by a group of opera orchestra men who lean on their instruments and chat when they should be playing.

Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?

by
J. P. VAN WINKLE
President

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Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



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narily temperamental, but at one rehearsal he went into a pet and refused to sing until somebody brought a couch on stage for him to lie on. Hungarian Sandor Konya, rehearsing for the German première of Menotti's *Saint of Bleecker Street*, was scheduled to pick up a knife to stab. When it turned up missing, he flew into a rage and took a walk. It was replaced, but another singer, all unawares, took the replacement knife to peel an orange. This time Konya's curse-punctuated rage was uncontrollable, and the rehearsal had to be canceled.

Hypochondria. Because of the delicacy of his vocal organ, the tenor is forced to baby his voice. Many carry this to extremes, even denying themselves sex for



Alfred Esenstoedt—Life

TENOR TUCKER
When he sings, he can't talk.

48 hours before a performance because it may coarsen their tone. (One contemporary tenor has refined this after learning by a process of trial and error that his voice is at its peak exactly three days after sexual intercourse.) Despite all his precautions, the tenor tends to feel himself hoarse as a wolf at curtain time, and often decides he has a cold. If he can be forced onto the stage, his natural ability will usually carry him through. If he cannot, a substitute must be found quickly.

The tenors who confine their tenoritis backstage are more numerous than their brothers who become public spectacles. These sometimes blow up on stage, e.g., David Poleri, who three years ago walked off Chicago's Civic Opera House stage just before he was supposed to stab his Carmen, or display such neurotic symptoms as getting too fat, e.g., Mario Lanza; or become overtly adventurous, e.g., Caruso was arrested for making a pass at a



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woman in the monkey house of the Central Park zoo.

A Gambler at the Met. Common as it is, tenoritis has rarely infected U.S. tenor Richard Tucker, who pined and paraded about the stage of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House one night last week as Don José in *Carmen* near the end of his finest season yet. A sometime cantor in a New York synagogue, he is one of the top tenors, and some think the best. In the world today, "Caruso, Caruso, that's all you hear!" Met General Manager Rudolf Bing once said. "I have an idea we're going to be proud some day to be able to tell people we have heard Tucker."

Brooklyn-born Richard Tucker, 41, is gifted with vocal equipment capable of a lyrical, sensuous legato and a ringing, exciting fortissimo. Beyond that he gives credit for his eminence to 1) the late Tenor Paul Althouse for teaching him; 2) former Met Manager (and former tenor) Edward Johnson for bringing him into the Met, and 3) Rudolf Bing for elevating him in roles and income. "I was making \$6,000 as a cantor when Mr. Johnson offered me \$95 a week to join the Met," says Tucker. "When Mr. Bing came here, I was singing for \$350 a week. When I went in to sign my contract, I asked for \$750 a performance. He just looked at me, then offered me \$650. Finally, I asked him if he was a gambler. He never took his eyes off me, nodded yes. So we tossed, and he won. It cost me \$2,600 that year. I talked to my wife about it, but she didn't care. She always wants me to take it easy." Today, counting concert performances at \$3,000 each some 40 Met performances a season at \$1,000 each, Tenor Tucker is in the \$100,000 bracket. He is a big seller in the operatic record field. The latest: *Starring Richard Tucker* (Columbia LP), one of the finest one-man recitals on records.

A heavy-set man (180 lbs.), Tucker leads as dedicated a life as any tenor. On performance days, he rises at 10, has coffee, juice, perhaps cereal, for breakfast. Around 4 p.m., he has eggs, toast and coffee and then nothing until after the performance, when he eats a sandwich. "The day I sing, I'm a stranger in the house. Talking is hard on the voice, so I don't talk." His three sons know better than to talk to him very much on those days.

The Best Is Lost. Well aware that tenors at their best last to about 50, Tucker nurses his talent carefully. Next season Tucker will sing Halevy's *La Juive* (*The Jewess*) in Chicago; this role is unusually beautiful for the tenor voice, but the opera is rare because of its outdated long-winded style. Someday, he may accept an offer from the operatic Mecca, Milan's La Scala. In five years, or whenever he thinks he has reached his vocal peak, he may tackle the more heavily dramatic parts such as Radames and Samson. Otherwise, he finds himself a fairly unremarkable fellow. "You know, in Europe, tenors are gods. In America, you may be the greatest tenor in the world, so what?"

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SPORT

Master of the Masters

Surveying the Augusta National Golf Club for the first time, a Sunday golfer might be moved to wonder what all the shouting was about. For the site of the annual Masters tournament (and favorite course of President Eisenhower) is a deceptively simple layout, and par seems to invite a licking. But the masters of golf know better. The best pros have to scramble to stay on top at Augusta, and in the first 19 years of the tournament no amateur ever won the Masters. Last week, when 84 players teed off for the 20th Masters, the expectations and the odds were all against the 21 amateur entrants.

Right from the start the weather tampered with the odds. Rain softened the course and slowed the slick greens, creating the kinds of conditions that make par ($72\frac{1}{2}$) beatable. Ten golfers beat it—and the one who beat it most was a self-assured, young (24) automobile salesman from San Francisco. In the first round Amateur Ken Venturi, a protégé of Veteran Byron Nelson, grabbed the Masters' lead with a flashing 66.

Everything Right. A Walker Cup golfer in '53, with few important tournament titles to his credit, Venturi had not even qualified for the Masters. He had been the choice of former Masters winners (who have one invitation to give) mostly on the strength of his upset victory over Amateur Champion Harvie Ward in last month's San Francisco city championship. Sent off, appropriately enough, with Amateur Billy Joe Patton, who led the field to the halfway mark two years ago, Venturi did everything right. His drives were true, his irons crisp and sure. Not once did he take more than two putts a hole. But he was being pushed hard by some tough pros: the defending champ, Dentist Cary Middlecoff (with a 67), Shelly Mayfield and Tommy Bolt (68) and the great Ben Hogan (69). It was about time for Amateur Venturi to crack.

Next day the weather was still bad. But for Venturi that was all right. He shot a three-under-par 69 to set a Masters' 36-hole record (135) for amateurs and tie Nelson's 14-year-old professional record for the halfway point in the tournament. In second place, Cary Middlecoff dropped further back with a 72, for a total of 139. Hogan shot a 78 and was out of the running. Four were bunched in third place; in fourth, with 143, was Jackie Burke Jr. of Kiamesha Lake, N.Y.

Get Off Your Butt. On the third day the winds were even worse. Scores soared like kites. Venturi finished the first nine in a dreadful 40. "There he blows!" murmured a spectator, and most of the crowd agreed. Then Middlecoff went out in a brisk 35 to take the lead. Venturi murmured to himself: "Boy, you've got to get off your butt and go." Result of the new "go": he shot three successive birdies (the 13th through 15th) and came home through the back nine in 35. Middlecoff,



Associated Press
WINNER BURKE & WIFE
At last.

meanwhile, ran into poor luck. His eyes were swollen from hay fever, and someone had borrowed his jacket, which contained the medicine he needed. Jittery and red-eyed, he fell apart, finished with a slow 40. That was right back where he started the day—four strokes behind Venturi. "If it's windy like that tomorrow," he said, "I don't even want to play on the s.o.b."

Sure enough, it was windy, and Middlecoff might as well have stayed indoors. He went out in 38, two over par. Venturi,



Associated Press
RUNNER-UP VENTURI
At last.

taking no chances at all, shot the same score. With only nine holes to go, the improbable seemed at hand. But the scoreboard showed one more pro still in there pitching. Ex-Marine Sergeant Burke, 33, a handsome, blond Ryder Cup veteran with a talent for finishing second in expensive tournaments, was chugging steadily toward the top.

An elegant 35 on the first nine brought Burke within reach, and on the 18th green, a tricky, downhill putt lay between him and a one-under-par 71. Putting with a crisp tap, as if he were driving a tack into the ball, Burke sank the all-important shot for a 72-hole total of 289.

Still, all Venturi had to shoot was another 40 on the final nine. But at length, pressure told: Venturi bogied the 10th—the 11th, 12th, 14th and 15th. On the 17th he did it again. On the 18th only a 20-foot putt for a birdie could save him—and he missed by a foot. Texan Jack Burke, the fast-finishing professional, was master of the Masters. The crack shot who had qualified for the National Open at 16 had finally won a major tournament.

Ken Venturi, who had come within a stroke of making golf history, was sad butundaunted. "It was very simple," said he. "I just couldn't get the ball in the hole. But I'll be back."

Victory for the Flail

At schools as small as State University Teachers College at Cortland, N.Y. (enrollment 1,800), coaches of any sport are happy to settle for so-so teams. They may dream of training champions, but they make do with what they have. Cortland's Swimming Coach Dr. James E. Counsilman was even willing to work with a sandy-haired freshman named George E. Breen, whose best effort for the 440-yd. freestyle was a dimly slow 7:30. "He looked as though he might drown," says Counsilman, remembering that sad performance in the fall of 1952. Breen thought the coach was kidding when Counsilman took him aside and said "George, you have a chance to become an Olympic swimmer."

Breen was a physical education student, but he had already decided that he had "very little athletic ability." ("I'm not well coordinated," he explains.) So he was doubly surprised to find that Counsilman, who was a national breaststroke champion in 1948 when he was a student at Ohio State, meant what he said. The coach had seen something "intangible" in Breen's awkward splashing and the boy seemed just the one to help Counsilman test some of his unorthodox theories about swimming styles.

No Rest. Daily Breen drove himself through a strenuous routine of body-building exercises and some three miles of practice in the pool. The stroke Counsilman taught him was a choppy, continuous flailing, with no graceful, resting glides between pulls, not even after turns.

Since watching the Japanese use it with remarkable success in the 1952 Olympics, most coaches have taught the glide stroke. "The logic of it sounds terrific," Coach

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Counsilman concedes, "Each arm gets a chance to rest up front until the other arm swings forward." But for all its attraction, the glide stroke seemed to Counsilman as time-wasting as stop-and-go driving. He preferred the continuous pace of his own windmill style, went so far as to work its advantages into a Ph.D. thesis. Counsilman found that Subject Breen's kick was relatively weak, but instead of beefing up Breen's legs, Counsilman taught him to slow them down and barely flutter them during part of the stroke. "If he kicked more," explains Counsilman, "it would act as a drag. It would be something like an automobile



CORTLAND'S BREEN
Like running a 3:52 mile.

whose front wheels are going 30 miles an hour and the back wheels only 20."

No Limit. By the end of Breen's first year of competitive swimming Counsilman's counsel was paying off. Breen could churn the 440 in 4:56. Last year he was fast enough to win the Eastern Intercollegiate and A.A.U. 1,500-meter championship. In June Coach Counsilman took off on a leave from Cortland to be physical fitness director of Philadelphia's Broadwood Health Institute, but he kept control of Breen's training by telephone and letter, nursed and egged him on to this year's Eastern Intercollegiate 1,500-meter title. Then he went to New Haven to watch his protégé perform in U.S. swimming's two big meets, the N.C.A.A. championships and the A.A.U. meet.

Trained to a split second, Breen did just what Counsilman expected of him. In Yale's 20-meter "long-course" pool last fortnight he flailed through each 100-meter segment of his 1,500-meter grind in almost identical times—never under 1:13,



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never over 1:13.6. He touched the finish line in 18:05.0, an eye-bugging 13.1 seconds under the world mark (TIME, April 9) held since 1949 by Japan's Hiroshin Furuhashi, became the first American ever to hold that long-distance record.

Last week, in the same pool, he clocked 18:20.2 for 1,500 meters to win the A.A.U. title. The slower time was intentional—Breen kept on going until he had finished a full mile in the water, finished in 19:40.4, a new world record. Another Counsilman protégé, Frankie Brunnell, 17, of Philadelphia's Vesper Swim Club, finished second in the 1,500-meter with a commendable 19:38.2. Later in the week, Breen won another title with a fast 4:30.1 in the 440—just two seconds slower than the world record.

As his Olympic prediction came closer to the truth, Coach Counsilman gave all the credit to his energetic, good-looking young (20) pupil. "George worked hard," he said. "And he sets no psychological limit on what he will do." Said Ohio State Coach Mike Peppe, who is probably still wondering how a swimmer like Breen ever got away from him: "Breen's record is comparable to a 3:53 mile in track. He's undoubtedly the greatest long-distance freestyle this country has ever had."

Scoreboard

¶ On the rain-dampened track at Melbourne's Olympic stadium, World Champion Miler John Landy figured to run his favorite distance in no better than 4:04. But as he breezed past the three-quarter-mile mark he heard his time announced as 3 min. flat. He decided to turn it on, finished the final quarter in a blazing 58.6 sec. to break the 4-min. barrier for the fourth time in five races. The 3:58.6 time is 0.6 sec. off Landy's world record.

¶ Irked by the advance alibi making of some of the critics who fear that Russia's state-subsidized athletes may whip the U.S.'s expense account amateurs at the Olympics in Australia next November, International Olympic Committee President Avery Brundage, world's No. 1 defender of pure amateurism, sounded off: "Champions are not made by subsidies or training camps but by diligence and intelligence . . . It is not the strength of other people that we in the U.S. need fear. It is our national complacency . . . If Russian success in the Olympic games arouses us . . . it will serve a useful purpose."

¶ For the fourth year in a row Richard Alonso ("Pancho") Gonzales, 27, demonstrated that he is the best tennis player in the world. In the finals of the world professional championships at Cleveland he whipped Ecuador's Pancho Segura (in table tennis scoring), 21-15, 13-21, 21-14,

¶ Beefed up with young talent and a brand new coach (George Senesky), the Philadelphia Warriors came back from three straight years in the cellar of the Eastern Division of the National Basketball Association to take four out of five games from the Fort Wayne Pistons and win the world professional championship.

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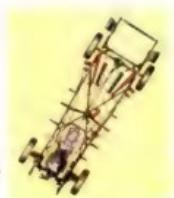
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RELIGION

These Are the Days!

Ah, for the Middle Ages and the Age of Faith, sighs many a modern Catholic, when the undivided Church was the warp and the woof of daily life, when men and not machines were the makers and doers. Nonsense, said the Rev. Walter J. Ong, S.J., last week to the 14th annual Spring Symposium of the Catholic Renaissance Society in Manhattan. Today, according to Father Ong, an assistant professor of English at St. Louis University, is more an Age of Faith than the 13th century ever was.

"To think of a time when most of the human race had no contact whatsoever with the Church's teaching as a genuinely 'Catholic' age," said Jesuit Ong, "is not only parochial, but definitely scandalous. It suggests that Christ came to save not the human race but one's own family." Only Europe was Catholic in the so-called Age of Faith; today there are Catholics everywhere in the world.

Their cohesion [is] more real than that of earlier Catholics living in much greater geographical proximity . . . and the faith has been disengaged from entanglements with errors of early physical science."

The world lives in an evolving universe, says Ong, in which geological ages, over the course of some 5 billion years, follow "one after the other in a mysterious, but unmistakably patterned, sequence." In this evolution of the earth from "brute nature" toward more and more "humanization," technology is the latest phase. Thus any idea that technology is opposed to humanism is "unreal." On the contrary, technology "is a great and inspiring human creation." Instead of fighting technology, Christians should join it. "The cause of humanism is served by dealing with reality, not by denouncing it."

Nostalgia for the past "is an old pagan disease. There is nothing Christian in it. The Church in her teaching and liturgy shows no signs of nostalgia. She does not dream of a Golden Age to which she longs to return. For her the Second Adam is infinitely better than the first. Man after the Fall, sinful but redeemed by Christ, is better off than before the fall . . ."

The Christian is at home in history and in a forward-moving, developing universe, whereas the pagan, radically, is not."

Muted Trumpets in Dixie

Retired Railroad Conductor Bryant of Lebanon Junction, Ky., is a troubled man. Last week in *The Review and Expositor*, journal of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, he told why.

"Throughout the first sixty years of my life," wrote Bryant, "I never questioned but that Peter's confession that 'God is no respecter of persons' referred exclusively to the differences among white persons. Neither did I question that segregation was Christian and that it referred to the separation of white and Negro people.

Three years ago these views were completely transformed. I became convinced that God makes no distinctions among people whatever their race and that segregation is exclusively by God in the final judgment . . . I am now wondering whether I am interpreting the Scriptures like Christ or like Satan . . .

"The things which have convinced me that I must surrender my conviction that integration is taught in the New Testament are: First, if the interpretation that I have made of the Scriptures were true, this truth would have been confessed in the churches from the time the New Testament was given to men, and integration would have been the common practice for hundreds of years.

"Second, my church and my community set themselves against my interpretation and they resisted integration. I talked



BAPTIST BRYANT
What is the Christian solution?

about integration to people in my home, on the streets, and in prayer meetings in my church. Soon I was met by Christians with chilly silence, or a polite brushoff or the warning that I was talking too much about the Negro question.

"Third, I looked about to see what ideas were held by individual Christians and churches in other places. I found no other laymen crusading for integration, no pastor making an issue of segregation in their sermons, no concerted action for integration on the part of churches, no clarion call for unity of races in the worship of Christ by the Southern Baptist Convention, and there is silence in the denominational papers."

Pressure on Your Preacher. Few trumpet indeed were sounding in the Southern churches last week. Most ministers were like Layman Bryant—troubled. But they found other things to talk about than the

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problem that plagued Bryant. Most of the vocal few were vocal on the side of the lily-white banner of segregation; Citizens' Council rallies could usually count on some Protestant clergymen to bless their gatherings. The Rev. Earl Anderson, for instance, 63-year-old pastor of Dallas Munger Place Baptist Church, insisted that: "Now is the time for Citizens' Councils to put pressure on your preacher." And he propounded eight "reasons why it is not Christian" to invite Negroes into white churches: 1) Negroes have their own churches; 2) Negroes don't invite whites to join them; 3) Whites should treat Negroes as Christians—in their own churches; 4) Negroes best serve God in their own churches; 5) Negroes who understand God's teachings don't want to mix with whites; 6) Negroes have as much right to a pure race; 7) Negroes believe mixing races is disobedient to the word of God; 8) an aim of Communism is to "mongrelize the human race."

Occasionally the Protestant silence in the South is broken from the other side. The Southern Regional Council lists seven ministers as having lost their pastorates* because they were outspoken in favor of integration. There have been other firings and forced resignations that have not been publicized.

Ignored at the Local Level. The top levels of all the Protestant denominations have declared themselves in support of the Supreme Court's desegregation rulings, but their pronouncements are often blandly ignored or actively disregarded at the local level. The Roman Catholic Church, taking the unequivocal position that segregation is a continuing offense against Christian morality, has been the only church in the South to take open steps to enforce its position. But many Catholic priests, like Protestant ministers, prefer to move slowly, and Southern Catholics are not all taking kindly to their church's position. In New Orleans, where Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel has threatened to invoke the extreme power of excommunication to stem Catholic opposition to integration, newspaper ads appeared recently to announce a state-chartered Association of Catholic Laymen (annual dues, \$1 or more), organized to fight the strong integrationism of the church. Mississippi's Presbyterian Synod has directly challenged the anti-segregationist resolution of the Southern Presbyterians' 94th General Assembly. The "matter of segregation," said the synod, is a "highly controversial political issue."

This sort of rationalization has a wide adherence in Dixie today. Syndicated Southern Columnist John Temple Graves put it into words: "With the brotherhood of man under God so precious in religious faith, no one says men of God should fail to oppose hate, intolerance, injustice and discrimination. But many of us who think we, too, have religious faith look on our-

* From Mississippi, a Methodist and a Presbyterian; from South Carolina, a Methodist and a Baptist; from Arkansas, a Baptist; from Virginia, a Campbellite; from Georgia, a Baptist



How come nobody picks on the hummingbird? He's tiny, he's inoffensive, and he spends his time tranquilly fooling around among the flowers while bigger birds battle noisily for survival. By rights he ought to be extinct, but he's left alone because he packs a fearsome weapon and knows how to use it. With his rapier-like beak and darting speed, he is feared by would-be intruders as a veritable D'Artagnan of the honeysuckle. Until the happy day comes when lions will lie by lambs and predators are out of politics, the cause of peace is best served by those equipped to defend it.

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selves as still children of God when we say race separation among the school masses of the South is a police, cultural and biological necessity and has nothing to do with brotherhood.

If all churches should be integrated tomorrow, there would undoubtedly be few Southern pastors who would not feel as though a great weight had been lifted from their shoulders. But, in the meantime, most feel that this good end would not best be served by such uncompromising means. Whether it is better to lead slowly or lose one's congregation by leading too fast is the question, and most take the answer to be: go slow.

But there is danger in such hanging back to let men of politics have a monopoly on a problem so rife with spiritual



VAGUAN HUDDLESTON
A common blindness

meaning, and there are some who recognize the danger. Said Dr. William A. Benfield of Louisville's Highland Presbyterian Church in a sermon recently:

"In some circles religion has become an opiate of the people. Present day Christianity is to many people tame and prosaic, prim and dull . . . Too many of us have lost Christ's call to heroism and have grown comfortable and commonplace, small in our minds and imaginations. The Christian church has become too much an ambulance, dragging along behind, picking up the wounded, making bandages, and soothing hurt feelings, when the church should be out on the front line getting hit in the face, but leading others and conquering the enemy."

Back last week from a short sojourn in the South was the Rev. Trevor Huddleston, Anglican priest of the Community of the Resurrection who has become a symbol and rallying point of resistance to *apartheid* in South Africa, where he has



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been stationed for twelve years. In Africa, whence his superiors have recently recalled him to England, white supremacists viewed him with alarm as a "kamboozie" (roughly, nigger-lover) and predicted he would not be allowed to visit the U.S. Southern states, let alone be permitted to speak there. But Father Huddleston was able to travel and to talk with representatives of both sides in the South.

He found a major difference between the Southland and South Africa, a difference signified by the difference between the slogans "white supremacy" and "separate but equal." Huddleston marveled at some of the school facilities the South has provided its segregated Negroes in recent years in its attempt to prove that social justice is not necessarily involved in segregation. He found "an immeasurably greater educational and economic opportunity for the U.S. Negro." But many of the professed Christians he talked to reminded him of Christians among whom he lived in South Africa. "They had exactly the same kind of blindness," said Father Huddleston sadly.

Words & Works

¶ The University of Chicago announced appointment of the Rev. Granger Westberg to a new post: professor of religion and health. Lutheran Westberg, 42, chaplain for the past three years at the university's clinics and before that at Chicago's Augustana Hospital, will serve on both the medical and theological faculties, putting into practice his conviction that patients' physical, mental and spiritual health are all of a piece, and that medics and ministers should work together.

¶ Editor Edward A. Byersdorff of the official publication of the Lutheran Men in America of Wisconsin, suggested that churches jointly hire psychiatrists to help out their pastors, who face "constant parade of marital, emotional and mental problems While these problems give the pastor an opportunity for a most personal ministry . . . it should be recognized that such people frequently need a psychiatrist as well as a pastor . . . Without in any way attempting to minimize the power of the word, or prayer, or comfort that a pastor can bring . . . it is obvious that the pastor alone cannot cope with all the problems of a big city congregation, and most pastors will readily agree."

¶ West German churchmen expressed satisfaction at the latest figures for divorce in the Federal Republic—44,438 in 1954 vs. more than 88,000 in 1948. But they frowned at ready recognition of Soviet zone divorces by West zone courts. The new East zone family relations law permits divorce when a marriage has "lost its sense for the spouses, the children and society," and this, Evangelical and Roman Catholic leaders declare, even allows the dissolution of a marriage for political reasons.

¶ Last Sunday, in a kind of denominational dry run, some 500 ministers of the Congregational Christian Churches and the Evangelical and Reformed Church anticipated their official merger in June 1957 by a countrywide exchange of pulpits.

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SCIENCE

The Bomb Watchers

When U.S. nuclear sleuths, cruising in airplanes off the coast of northeast Asia, pick up radioactive dust from Soviet bomb tests, they give out no information whatever. Russian and British airborne atomic detectives are just as uncommunicative. But the Japanese, sitting innocently bombless between Soviet and U.S. test areas, can talk freely. Last week Dr. Yoshio Sugura of the government's Meteorological Research Institute told a Kyoto meeting of the Japan Chemistry Society what he had deduced from "ashes of death" that fell in his own backyard.

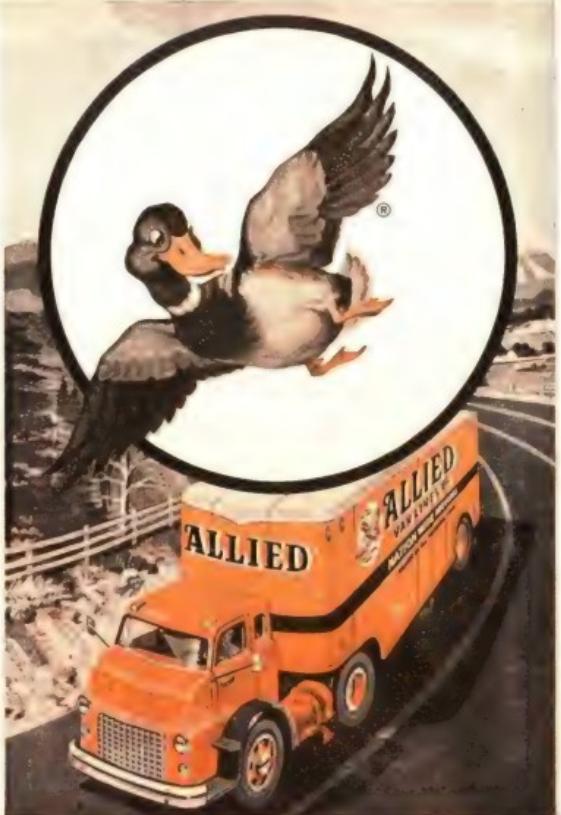
Dr. Sugura needed no airplane. Last November, just a few days after Japanese meteorologists detected air disturbances from Soviet tests in Siberia, he set two large porcelain dishes filled with water in the yard behind his Tokyo laboratory and let dust settle into them for 24 hours. He evaporated the water and got from each square meter 150 milligrams (.005 oz.) of dust. Most of it was ordinary dirt from Tokyo's grimy atmosphere, but the remainder was highly radioactive, and could be analyzed.

Telltale U-237. About 27% of the radiation came from U-237, a short-lived uranium isotope (half-life: 6.75 days) which does not exist in nature. Nearly all the rest came from elements with middle-weight atoms, such as tellurium, zirconium and cerium. The content of the sample was roughly the same as that of dust that came from the great U.S. bomb exploded at Bikini on March 1, 1954.

Tipoff ingredient was the U-237. In the original atomic bomb of 1945 the active substance was U-235, the rare uranium isotope that fissions (splits) readily when struck by slow-speed neutrons. U-238, the abundant isotope of uranium, does not fission in this way, but when it is struck by high-speed neutrons from a sufficiently powerful detonator, it undergoes a variety of nuclear reactions. Some of its atoms split, splattering into middle-weight atoms (fission products) and giving off enormous energy. Other U-238 atoms absorb a neutron, then eject two neutrons, turning into atoms of tellurite U-237.

So the presence of U-237 as well as fission products in the dust that fell on Tokyo convinced Dr. Sugura that the Soviet bomb of last November was a "super-U-bomb" like the U.S. Bikini job of 1954 (then popularly known as the hydrogen bomb). In short, it evidently got most of its energy from the fission of cheap, plentiful U-238.

Telltale Waves. Radioactive dust tells nothing about the power of the shot, but Japanese bomb watchers have another trick that gives a fair indication. They measure the power of the atmospheric wave set in motion by the explosion. The wave from the U.S. blast at Bikini (2.48 miles from Tokyo) rated .4 millibars in Japan, while the Soviet explosion (1.802



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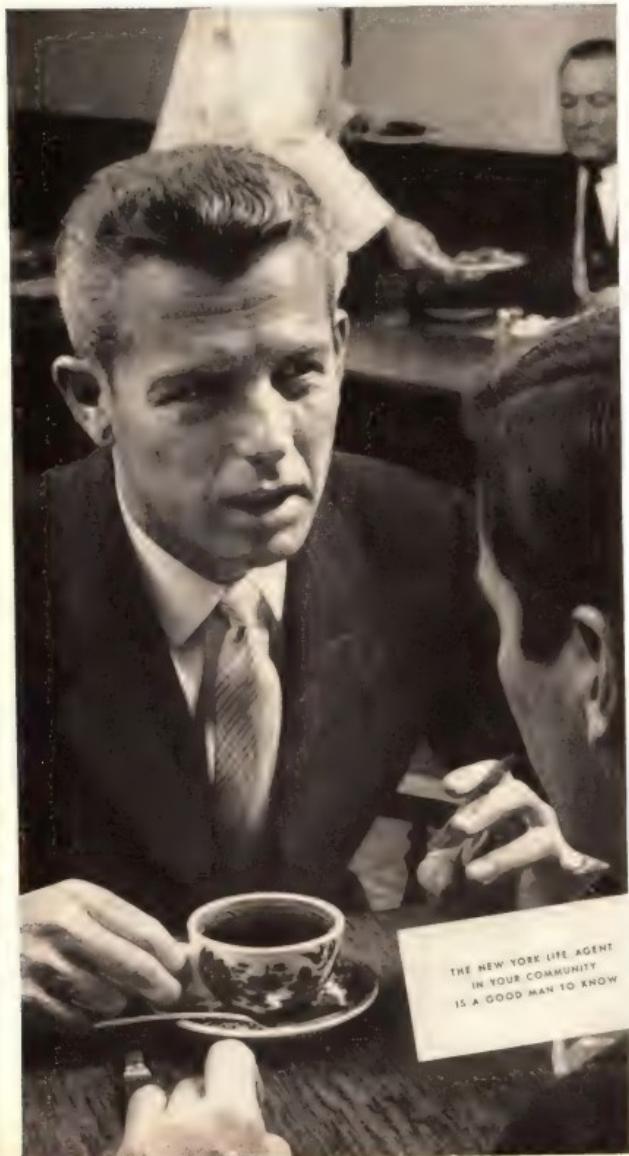
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miles from Tokyo) rated only .15 millibars. These figures cannot be taken as directly proportional to the power of the explosions (shock waves can act odd), but observers in Japan estimate the biggest U.S. bang at 12 megatons, believe it was about twelve times as powerful as the biggest Soviet bang.

Japan's bomb watchers have not yet reached full conclusions about the Soviet tests announced last week (without details) by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. They are pondering two facts: 1) the rain that fell on Shikoku Island on March 24 was the most intensely radioactive that has yet fallen on Japan; 2) none of the government's 13 microseismograph stations recorded any shock wave at all.

Airway Stop & Go

The faster airplanes fly, the more traffic congestion they can cause on the airways. Last week Canada's Department of Transport, looking forward to the time when jetliners will be sweeping across the continent at better than 500 m.p.h., contracted with Raytheon Manufacturing Co. for \$5,000,000 worth of long-range radars for 15 major Canadian airports from Moncton, N.B., to Vancouver. When the system is in operation in 1958, it will keep the headlong jets from 1) treading on each other's heels, 2) overrunning the slower, propeller-driven craft (see map).

Raytheon's airway radars, which have revolving antennas 40 ft. wide, are modeled after equipment used in military air-warning networks. Raytheon engineers are confident that they can track large commercial airliners, flying 70,000 ft. up, 200 miles away. When rain clouds cut off the view of a distant airliner, the radar can switch to a special "circularly polarized" wave that is reflected differently by spherical raindrops and the metal surfaces of wings and fuselage. This gimmick makes an airliner visible even behind a rain cloud. Another gimmick makes the radar blind to all objects that are not moving, such as mountain peaks.

Canada's air authorities believe that the new system will permit the accurate scheduling of jet air traffic. Jetliners use so much fuel while flying slowly that they cannot hang around an airport waiting for a chance to land. The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Administration has not contracted

so far for a complete long-range radar system, but the P-500 is budget call for radar control of air traffic in the contested triangle bounded by Chicago, Boston and Norfolk, Va.

Another Catacomb

Most archaeological discoveries are made by arduous searching; in age-old Rome they sometimes force themselves on the diggers' attention. This week the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano* told about a catacomb that had to call for attention twice before it got noticed.

Last year construction workers digging foundations on the Via Latina, an ancient street branching off the Appian Way, noticed small holes in the earth. The news was passed to the Pontifical Commission for Sacred Archaeology, which ordered Engineer Mario di Santa Maria to excavate further. Entering through a shaft bored in the ground, he and his colleagues penetrated an elaborate catacomb, but found that all loose objects of value had disappeared. Fact was that the catacomb had been discovered 20 years before, and covered quietly by the landowners to avoid an official veto on building over it.

The complex of underground corridors, chambers and cubicles covers an area of 157 ft. by 89 ft. and has at least three levels. Its walls are decorated with an extraordinary number of pictures. "Nothing like this," said Jesuit Archaeologist Antonio Ferrua, who headed the digging. "has ever been found in an early Christian cemetery." Some of the paintings show episodes from the life of Christ (the Sermon on the Mount) and from Judeo-Christian legend (Lot and his daughters); while others are wholly pagan. Cleopatra is shown in a flower garden, holding an asp to her breast. A cubicle is devoted to the labors of Hercules. Other pictures seem to be scenes from contemporary Roman life, such as a teacher apparently lecturing about anatomy.

Digger Ferrua believes that the catacomb, to judge from its artistic style, dates from the 4th century A.D. It was probably the burial place of a group of families and not used for religious ceremonies. This would account for its absence from ecclesiastical records. Many of the pictures are about obscure subjects, and much work will have to be done before their significance can be determined.

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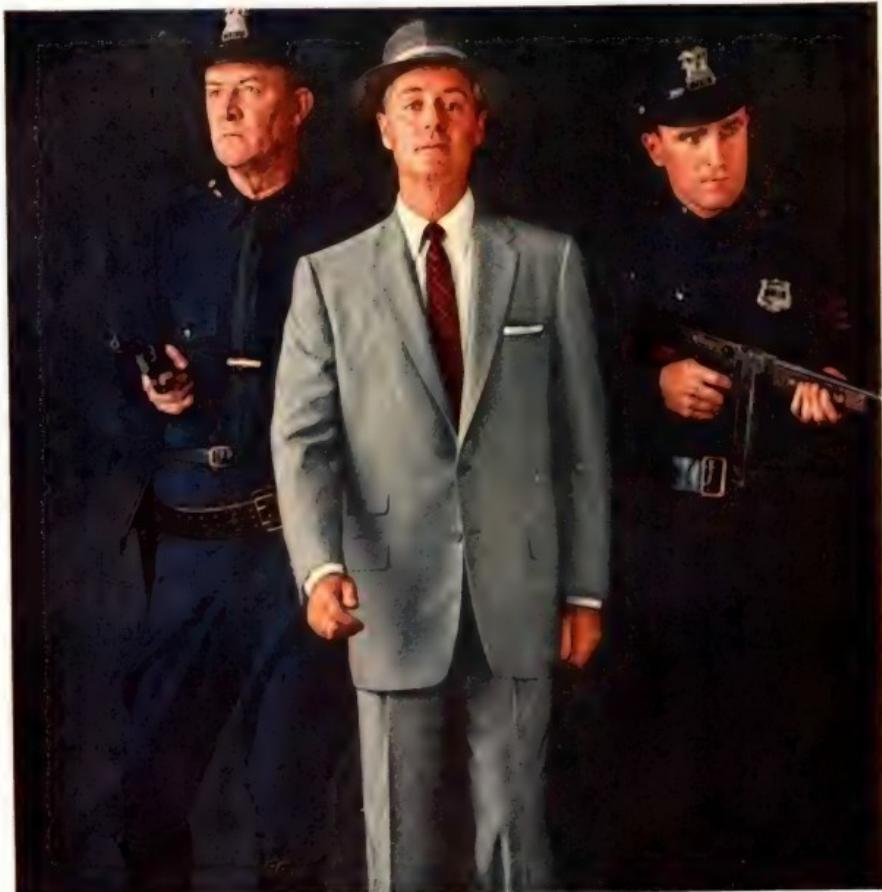
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THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

A Month in the Country (adapted from the Russian of Ivan Turgenev by Emlyn Williams) has for some strange reason been a theatrical wallflower, while Chekhov's four daughters have constantly given a whirl. Last produced in Manhattan in 1930, *A Month* remains one of those small classics that, however long kept in mothballs, keep their charming bouquet. The play needs—as the Phoenix Theater has given it—a sensitive production: Michael Redgrave has ably directed an able cast, and Emlyn Williams' adaptation is in crisply laundered English.

Turgenev's story, laid in the 1840s, portrays the life, or lack of life, on a flourishing Russian landowner's estate.



LUTHER ADLER & UTA HAGEN
The vawn is fother to the kiss.

The landowner's wife, Natalia, with her bright, trivial, citified mind and self-indulgent nature, is bored by her husband, and more entertained than aroused by her sophisticated neighbor. When her son acquires an attractive young tutor, she half-tumbers, half pushes herself into love. Discovering that her young ward is also drawn to the tutor, Natalia jealously tries to marry her off elsewhere. Though all this gives the heartfree tutor's ego a great lift, matters get fairly strenuous for him, and he finds it simplest to go away. Others go away too, for other reasons, leaving Natalia behind with a mild case of heartbreak, a lady's-sized frustration.

Though at first glance Turgenev's people often seem like Chekhov's, Turgenev has a rather different angle of vision and a different art. If no more wise than Chekhov, he is more wordy-wise and more ironic. Much of *A Month* is leisure-class social comedy, in which sheer ennui acts as a stimulant and the vawn is

father to the kiss. Where Chekhov's people bestir themselves too little or too late, Turgenev's seem overready; just because the landscape is flat or the drawing room tedious, they grasp at situations and embroider them, they self-centeredly turn dramatist themselves. But they are often worldly enough to be on to what they are doing.

The polished man of the world in Turgenev happily never ossified his pure, wistful sensibility. His insight is acute, without blind spots, but his manner is mellow, without rough spots. In *A Month in the Country* he exhibits egotism in a slightly golden light, frivolity with a kind of silvery tinkle. He is neither too soft, too hard, nor too overbred: he will throw in a joyfully bad-mannered, sharp-tongued doctor, played with slapping gusto by Luther Adler, and in fine contrast to the superbly projected Natalia of Uta Hagen.

With *A Month in the Country*, the Phoenix Theater is in its third year as the most ambitious, most professional of the off-Broadway houses. While not rich it has both means and know-how. Among its angels are Rodgers & Hammerstein; Lindsay & Crouse, Elia Kazan; among its actors have been Montgomery Clift, Nancy Walker, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Farley Granger, Maureen Stapleton; among its directors, John Houseman, Sidney Lumet, Tyrone Guthrie.

Guided by Producers T. Edward Hambleton and Norris (*Billy Budd*) Houghton, the Phoenix has helped create a renaissance of the off-Broadway theater. One measure of its impact: a star of the magnitude of Franchot Tone has agreed to play an off-Broadway role most of this season in Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*.

The guiding principle of the Phoenix is aggressive eclecticism. Theater, say its producers, "means many things to many people. The minstrel show, tent show vaudeville, Shakespearean repertory, newly-discovered European playwrights, experiments in expressionism and constructivism, a platform for a social message, the magic of Irving Berlin and of Rodgers and Hart or Hammerstein musicals . . . To us it means all these things." Following no school, style or fad, the Phoenix in its first season walked off with a wide variety of laurels, including the New York Drama Critics Circle Award for *The Golden Apple* as the year's best musical, the Shakespeare Club Award for its production of *Coriolanus*, and an ANTA citation for having created "the most exciting theatrical news of the year."

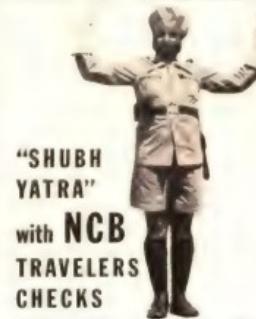
This season, up to its eaves in work, the theater will put on 18 shows, ranging from French Pantomimist Marcel Marceau (TIME, Oct. 3) to a series of plays for new directors. Producers Hambleton and Houghton dream of making the Phoenix the most productive theater in the U.S. and "a larger than life, truly theatrical experience fortified by language that sings."

it's Spring in New York



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THE PRESS

Answer by Acid

Emerging from an after-midnight coffee session last week at Lindy's, his favorite spot, dapper little (5 ft. 4 in.) New York Labor Columnist Victor Riesel turned off Broadway and down silent 51st Street. By habit he had taken off his glasses. Half a block from Broadway, a young man stepped from the building shadows and threw a bottle of searing, concentrated sulphuric acid into Riesel's face. The columnist clutched at his burning eyes, gasping, "My gosh, my gosh!" The young man walked away and was swallowed up by the night and the city.

By the time Riesel had been taken to a hospital, county and city police, FBI

Only two hours before he was attacked last week, Riesel gave an example of his blunt, sometimes overdramatic technique on a broadcast over radio station WMCA. He attacked William De Koning Jr., head of the Operating Engineers' Local 138 on Long Island, and De Koning's father, an ex-convict labor boss. Also on the program was Emanuel Muravchik, field director of the Jewish Labor Committee, who talked of discrimination against Negro labor in the South.

In their search for clues to the attack, police and newsmen recalled that Riesel, a hard-digging reporter, has been giving information to U.S. Attorney Paul Williams, who is probing industrial rackets in New York, and who considered Riesel a



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International

COLUMNIST RIESEL IN HOSPITAL*

Keep the heat on."

agents and newsmen were looking for the attacker and the answers to some obvious questions: Who had hired him? And why? The search was blocked not by a shortage of clues but by a plethora of them. Said one police inspector: "Riesel made a lot of enemies."

Born 41 years ago in New York City's Lower East Side slums, Victor Riesel grew up among militant unionists, remembers often seeing his father brought home bleeding from skirmishes with power-hungry elements in the garment trade. In his 14 years of turning out a labor column, now distributed by the Hall Syndicate to the New York *Daily Mirror* and 192 other newspapers, he has aimed the acid of his pen consistently at Communism, racketeering and racial bias in U.S. unions. His words have often been as hard as his father's fists. Typical opening jab "For March, my private crook-of-the-month club award goes to Joe Fay [of the Operating Engineers Union], extortionist emeritus of the mobs."

key witness. Said Williams of the attack: "A black effort to intimidate witnesses."

At week's end Riesel lay in St. Clare's Hospital, his eyes covered with bulky bandages. Doctors were not sure whether his sight could be saved; nor would the police admit to any leads on his attacker. But the price on the attacker's head was mounting fast. Rewards posted by the Hall Syndicate, the *Mirror*, station WMCA, labor unions (including De Koning's), and a crowd of press groups and newspapers totaled \$41,000.

As the shock of his experience slowly wore off, Riesel began to sound like his old self again. Said he: "To the press, radio and TV: keep the heat on. To the decent men of labor: for God's sake stop looking the other way, stop apologizing and sidestepping. [Begin] an all-out war against the mob."

* Seated at left, hand on forehead: Betty Nevins, Columnist Riesel's assistant for television and radio, who was with him when he was attacked.

Guest at Breakfast

(See Cover)

As Washington awakens each morning to a new day at the crossroads of history, same familiar sight greets the sleepy eye. Across the presidential breakfast tray and over the coverlets and coffee cups of the most influential people in the world's most influential city looms the capital's most influential paper: the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* (circ. 381,687 daily, 412,121 Sunday).

The *Post* is not so complete a newspaper as the *New York Times* (which, with the *Herald Tribune*, also reaches President Eisenhower's bedside), or so good a paper as the *Baltimore Sun*, which also gets to Washington at breakfast time. Over the long haul, until last year it has not been so successful as Washington's ad-fat evening *Star* (circ. 250,086), long favored by the home-grown Washingtonians, from the society-conscious cliff dwellers to the civil service folk, who do the Government's housekeeping.

But as the capital's only morning paper, the *Post* makes its impact on official Washington at both the right place and the right time—in the pause before the daily scurry through the bureaucratic and political brambles. "Of all the American newspapers," Britain's Lord Northcliffe (*London Daily Mail*) once said, "I would prefer to own the *Washington Post* because it reaches the breakfast tables of the members of Congress."

Material for the Memos. Northcliffe understated the case. The *Post's* reach goes beyond Capitol Hill and far deeper than the Senate subway. From Foggy Bottom to the fog o. the Hill, Washington reaches for the *Post* as Broadway reaches for Variety or bankers for the *Wall Street Journal*.

Bureaucrats scan it for news of their own departments that may still be several memos away; except at the topmost layer, the city's 228,109 public servants depend mostly on the press for what they know about the Government and each other. Bigwigs examine the *Post* nervously to see how their speeches are played—or to find ideas for new ones. The Washington press corps studies it for tips, ideas and slants that often influence the 500,000 words that clack out of the capital every day to news media all around the world.

Out of its unique role the *Post* has fashioned one of the world's most influential journalists: Philip L. (for Leslie) Graham, publisher, who started at the top ten years ago without ever having covered a news story, written an editorial or sold an ad. Phil Graham, 40, is an energetic charmer whose facial furrows and tall, angular frame (6 ft. 1 in., 160 lbs.) give him a Lincoln-esque look. Lawyer by profession, politician by instinct, latter-day New Dealer by choice, he became a newspaper publisher by marrying the boss's daughter. He quickly showed that the boss, multimillionaire Eugene Meyer, now 80, could not have picked a more quick-witted, smoothly forceful successor.

"One Party" Press. Graham's *Post* is part of a larger Washington press phenomenon. Some Democratic politicians, among them Harry Truman and Adlai Stevenson, have often charged that the U.S. has a "one party," i.e., Republican, press. But if the owners and publishers of U.S. newspapers constitute a force for the G.O.P., there is another more effective "one party" Democratic press: the Washington press corps. An estimated 85% of the correspondents in the capital, conditioned in the Depression and under the New Deal, have political reflexes that respond favorably to Democrats, unfavorably to Republicans. They strengthen their reflexes daily by reading the *Post*, where their reactions are shaped by most of the *Post's* top brass, including Managing Editor Al Friendley, 44, an active charter member of Americans for Democratic Action, and Publisher Graham himself.

When a Republican Administration came to Washington in 1952, the correspondents put fresh vigor into their classic role as people's monitor over the Government. The publishers had overwhelmingly supported the Eisenhower candidacy, but they were not in Washington doing the prying and prodding that go with the day's work of the good reporter. It was the working press that kept asking what the President would do about Joe McCarthy (and what McCarthy would do about the President), whether "Engine Charlie" Wilson was going to sell his General Motors stock,* or if Republican appointees were trying to "give away" natural resources to special interests.

In their digging zeal, the news-men have performed a worthwhile service. Government administrators have been put on guard; mistakes have not gone long unnoticed. The working press has helped prod the Administration into swift action in some cases, e.g., the resignation of former Secretary of the Air Force Harold Talbott. In that way the correspondents have proved a blessing in disguise to the Republican Administration, though as Sir Winston Churchill remarked, when he applied the phrase to the British Labor victory in 1945, "the disguise is perfect."

The Sharpest Cut. In this needless process the *Post*, an "independent," i.e.,

* In stories based on a scabbed leak from a Senate Armed Services Committee hearing, the Washington press corps propagated the apparently indestructible myth that Wilson said: "What's good for General Motors is good for the country." The official transcript of the hearing, released later, showed that what Wilson really said was: "I thought what was good for our country was good for General Motors, and vice versa." But the impact of the first stories was never overcome by the fact, and probably never will be. To its credit, the Washington *Post* repudiated the story correctly from the start.

politically unaffiliated, newspaper has played its characteristic leading role. It editorially supported Eisenhower in 1952. Since then, it has grown increasingly critical of the Administration, which now finds it unfriendly in tone and attitude. The *Post* has applauded Eisenhower personally, as well as parts of his Administration's program (farming, foreign aid, education, fiscal policy). At the same time, it has condemned Republicans whom it labels "extremist," e.g., Vice President Nixon, has criticized what it considers "disgraceful excesses" of the loyalty-security program, and has hit often and hard at what it calls the tidelands oil and timber "giveaways." It has also sharply needled (but sometimes praised)

either.* The *Post* has, indeed, taken its rapier (and at times its club) to anyone at the seat of Government. It approved of much in Harry Truman's Fair Deal, but it was unrelenting in its criticism of the corruption in his Administration. It praised Alf M. Landon and Wendell Willkie highly, but withheld formal support from any presidential candidate until Graham broke that precedent in 1952 by endorsing Eisenhower.

In the case of Richard Nixon, the *Post* has attacked when the Democrats were in power and again after the Republicans took over. The *Post* first criticized Nixon when he was helping to unmask Traitor Alger Hiss. Publisher Graham contends that "all men of good will," including the men of the *Post*, were embarrassed by the Hiss case. The paper sprang to Hiss's defense, switched later when the evidence piled up against him. In the *Post's* more recent anti-Nixon efforts, largely aimed at Nixon's use of the subversion issue as a political weapon, Graham has had to restrain Herblock. In his Republican gallery (Ike as a perplexed boob; Dulles, a smug bumbler; Wilson, a predatory capitalist), the cartoonist began drawing Nixon as a heavily stubbled, bestial figure resembling the famous Herblock caricature of Joe McCarthy. Graham sternly ordered Herblock to shave the Vice President. "Nixon is not McCarthy," he scolded, "no matter what else you may think of him."

Estes & Frankenstein. While the *Post's* thrusts against public figures it dislikes are spectacular, it has produced more significant results in the area of issues that are broader than any personality. It was the *Post* (long before Phil Graham's time) that first stripped the camouflage off F.D.R.'s Supreme Court packing bill and led the fight against it. Its internationalist editorials impressed Roosevelt into recommending them to press conferences as insights into his foreign policy.[†] *Post* editorials helped to assure civilian control of atomic energy, and to trigger emergency operations that spared Europe a famine in 1945-46. One gave Arkansas Senator Fulbright the idea for the exchange scholarships that bear his name.

The *Post's* latest crusade has been to

* Truman says that he thinks the *Post* handled the news fairly when he was in the White House, but he has shown his dislike for its comment. Most famous example: his invective-choked letter of protest about *Post* Music Critic Paul Hume's criticism of daughter Margaret's singing in 1950. Publisher Graham has two far hotter letters from Truman that he says he will never make public.

† The *Post* also delighted F.D.R. with a gift of 50 suppressed copies of an edition with the classic typographical error headline: PRESIDENT CONFINED TO BED WITH COED.



PUBLISHER GRAHAM (RIGHT) IN CITY ROOM
Beyond the Hill, deeper than the subway.

John Foster Dulles on foreign policy.

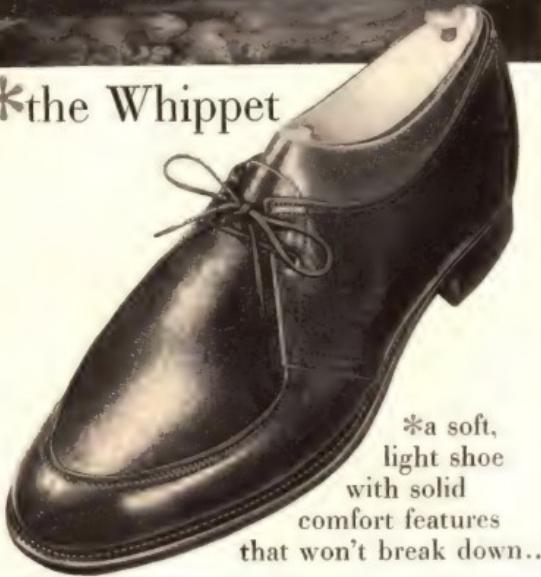
The *Post's* sharpest cut into the elephant's hide appears daily on the editorial page and in 150 other U.S. papers: the brilliant political cartoon by Herblock, 46-year-old Chicago-born Herbert Lawrence Block, No. 1 U.S. cartoonist, two-time Pulitzer Prizewinner. A left-wing Democrat, Herblock almost quit the *Post* in 1952 because it was supporting Eisenhower, did not do any cartoons for the paper during the week before the election.*

Publisher Graham, who registered Republican in 1952 (to help Ike defeat Robert Taft for the nomination), insists that the *Post* is merely following its independent conscience, recalls that Harry Truman didn't like the *Post*

* Another famed Democratic cartoonist, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* Daniel Fitzpatrick, refused to draw political cartoons in the 1936 campaign after his paper came out for Al Landon.



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build a fire under the clean elections bill now before the Senate with 85 Senators as its joint sponsors. Based on a Graham idea, the bill would outlaw heavy individual campaign contributions, provide for financing campaigns instead through bipartisan mass money-raising.

The paper also wields its influence behind the scenes, helps make the news it reports. In late 1949 Post editors grew concerned over the rising influence of gangsters in U.S. politics. While Star Reporter Eddie Follard went to New York to do a series on such "tycoons" as Frank Costello and Joe Adonis, Graham conceived a congressional investigation and began scanning the U.S. Senate to cast a likely Senator in the top role. He needed a man who 1) did not come from



E 1954 The Washington Post
HERBLOCK'S NIXON
Here he comes now.

a state to which the corrupt trail would lead, and 2) could handle himself on TV.

With the help of his longtime friend Washington Lawyer Ed Wheeler, Graham hit on the virtually unknown junior Senator from Tennessee. But Estes Kefauver was reluctant. Graham gave him a long pep talk, finally exploded: "Damn it Estes, don't you want to be Vice President?" That was the speech that launched Kefauver into his celebrated investigation and the deeper waters of U.S. politics. Since then, Graham, who shudders at the thought of Kefauver for President, has begun feeling like Frankenstein.

Graham was the first newsman to wrest assurance from Adlai Stevenson that he would accept the Democratic nomination in 1952. Through Reporter Follard at the convention, the publisher sent Delegate Stevenson a note asking him to telephone. On the phone he got Stevenson to agree that it would be "an act of arrogance" to turn the nomination down. The result Follard scored a beat in the *Post* with a story that Stevenson would accept.

Dream Man. The pattern of Phil Graham's life is the envy of many a politician and looks, indeed, like a quick montage of the American dream. Graham was born in South Dakota in the Black Hills mining town of Terry, near the site where



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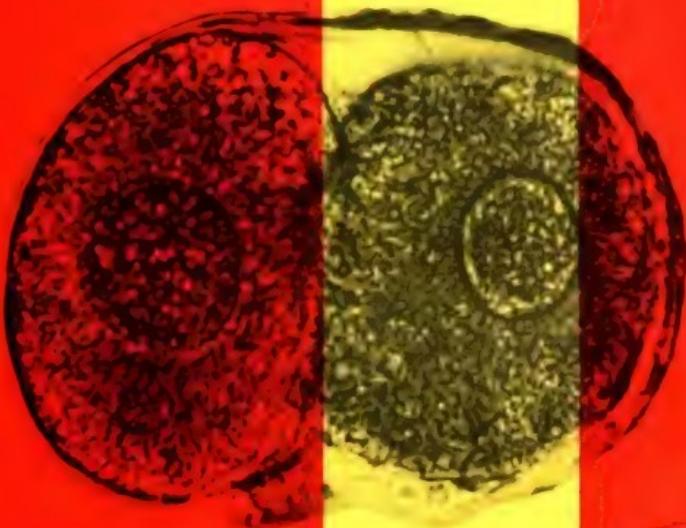
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THE PHILIP GRAHAMS & THE EUGENE MEYERS
Meeting in New York on the right.

Calamity Jane died. When Phil was six his father Ernest, an engineer who had tried mining and farming in South Dakota and Michigan with no luck, took the family to the Florida Everglades to launch an ambitious agricultural experiment for a sugar company. After a dozen years of floods, muck fires, hurricanes, frost and insects, the company wrote off the experiment as a loss and let Manager Graham keep as much of the land as he could pay taxes on. He began dairy farming. During the Depression, Phil took a year away from the University of Florida to drive milk trucks for his father. Later the elder Graham helped introduce beef cattle to Florida. Today, at 71, he runs a 7,000-acre empire with 2,000 head of dairy and Angus cattle—smack at the edge of the booming Miami environs where 160 acres that he gave Phil are now being negotiated for sale at \$1,000 an acre, which works out to \$486,000.

As a skinny lad nicknamed "Muscle-bound," Phil read omnivorously, graduated from high school at 16, "wittiest" and president of his class. He breezed through college, where he roomed with Florida's Democratic Senator George Smathers. At Harvard Law School he won the prized presidency of the *Law Review*, graduated tenth in a class of 400 and caught the eye of New Deal Talent Scout Professor Felix Frankfurter, that landed him a job as Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed's law clerk. The next year Graham clerked for Frankfurter himself.

When he went to Washington in 1939 Graham joined a group of eligible bachelors in a pillared Arlington mansion called Hockley Hall. Slim, attractive Kay Meyer, then 22, who attended Hockley Hall parties, invited all the residents to a coming-out party for her sister Ruth at the Eugene Meyer mansion on Washington's Crescent Place. There Graham met Kay, a \$25-a-week editorial assistant on

her father's paper. A University of Chicago graduate (and ex-student of Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas), she was as keen a New Deal supporter as Graham himself. After two more encounters and a single date, they became engaged. They were married in June 1942.

"Look into Gas." After his year with Frankfurter, Graham saw the New Deal tiding into the defense effort. He followed, landing with one foot in the Lead Lease Administration and the other in the Office for Emergency Management. As an "expeditor," Graham howled through bottleneck and red tape with highhanded ease, won kudos for his role in boosting high octane gas output and lending \$8 billion in V-Loans to get defense plants humming. When he lacked the right to check on lagging gasoline procurement, he had OEM's Chief Wayne Coy put a slip of paper on the President's desk reading "Look into high octane gas." F.D.R.'s initials turned it into a badge of authority.

In July 1942 Graham enlisted in the Army Air Forces as a private—but he went right on operating in uniform. He wound up as an intelligence officer on the staff of Far Eastern Air Commander General George C. Kenney. Learning that General Douglas MacArthur's staff was holding out information on Kenney, he set up a short-cut system of getting it to the air general. When Kenney, on a mission to Washington for MacArthur, was barred by the Pentagon from seeing Roosevelt, Graham fixed up a White House visit out of channels.

After the war (he was discharged as a major), Graham felt tempted to return to Florida and enter politics. He also felt the pull of Washington—and an offer from aging Post Publisher Meyer, whose only son, Dr. Eugene Meyer III, now 40, had staked out an interest in medicine. Graham brooded, finally chose Washington. The publisher pondered

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Walter Bennett

POSTMEN FRIENDLY. HERBLOCK & WIGGINS

Red is for pictures, green for a cab, pink for the morgue.

whether to break Graham in at the bottom, then decided to skip the red tape. On Jan. 1, 1946 he went to work as associate publisher. Six months later, Graham became publisher of the *Washington Post*.

"Can We Buy a Pitcher?" When he brought in an amateur at the top, Valenme Eugene Meyer was following his own pattern. He had never dipped a pen into journalism until he was 57. By then he had succeeded in two other careers. As a financier, he multiplied the real estate and banking fortune built by his father, who came to the U.S. from Alsace. As a Government administrator—governor of the Federal Reserve Board first chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corp., etc.—he served under every President from Wilson to F.D.R. He wanted the *Post* not only for the role it would give him in Washington's life, but to perform another kind of public service.

Oubidding Hearst, Meyer bought the *Post* anonymously at auction for a bargain \$825,000, in 1933—four years after he had offered \$5,000,000 and been turned down. He found it "mentally, morally, physically and in every other way bankrupt," the raddled plaything of oil-rich Playboy Edward ("Ned") McLean. A horse fancier, gaudy Publisher McLean once devoted three of the paper's four sports pages to agate tables on racing performances. He brought his mistress to editorial conferences (so his wife, Evelyn Walsh McLean charged in a divorce action) and made the old *Post* building on Pennsylvania Avenue the scene of hard-drinking, all-night parties, including one at which he arranged for General John J. Pershing to head off into the dawn wearing the cap of a Western Union boy. At the end of the McLean regime in 1933, the *Washington Post* was a paper celebrated in song (by John Philip Sousa's march bearing its name) but \$600,000 in debt for newsprint for its shrunken circulation of 31,534.

Eugene Meyer took over the decrepit *Post* and, as he said, "made all the mistakes in the book." He went on a buying spree, snapping up expensive but unsuitable executives, trained seals, special features and the syndicated columns that were then coming into vogue. (To this

day the *Post* runs 15 syndicated columns from Walter Lippmann to Walter Winchell, more than any other U.S. paper, plus no fewer than 35 daily comic strips.) Once during his purchasing zeal, Meyer noticed general gloom over the standing of the Washington Senators baseball team. He called in Sports Columnist Shirley Povich and asked what was wrong. "It's their pitching," said Povich. Asked Meyer "Can we buy a pitcher? How much do they cost?"

A Glut of Side Dishes. For all his first mistakes, Eugene Meyer, known affectionately to his staff as "Butch," worked wonders. He built a national bureau to cover the Government, patterned after the Washington bureaus of the big Manhattan dailies. He developed an editorial page that, under Felix Morley, began at once to show insight and vigor and national prestige. By 1946 circulation had more than trebled to 168,345.

Yet in the first decade alone, Publisher Meyer lost \$5,000,000. The hard fact was that Washington, with one-quarter the population of Chicago, had just as many papers. The *Post's* wobbly economic base was the toughest problem inherited by Publisher Phil Graham when Meyer stepped up to become chairman of the board.

In 1940 Graham and Meyer thought they had the solution: a chance to buy the gaudy but prosperous opposition, the *Times-Herald*, a year after Publisher Cissy Patterson's death. Instead, Cissy's seven heirs sold out to her cousin, Colonel Bertie McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*. Graham saw no hope of competing from the *Post's* ramshackle old plant. So Meyer put up another \$6,000,000 to build a new *Post* building (on L Street), complete with color presses and air conditioning.

In 1954 the *Post's* big chance arrived. A.P. Chief Kent Cooper got in touch with Meyer from Florida, hinted that there might be a newspaper for sale. "Is it in Florida?" Meyer asked. "No," said Cooper guardedly. "Washington," tried Meyer. "Yes." Meyer then knew that Colonel McCormick wanted to sell out. McCormick, who had tried to run the *Times-Herald* like a Washington edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, had been losing heavily.

while the *Post* had edged into the black. Six weeks later the *Post* closed the deal for the merger that gave it a morning monopoly in Washington. Cost: \$8,500,000 for the *Times-Herald*, plus \$1,800,000 for severance pay and incidentals. The money came this time mostly from loans, partly from Phil Graham, who decided that Gene Meyer had done enough already in pouring some \$20 million into the paper.

From the *Times-Herald*, the *Post* kept two pages of comics, a picture page, extra sports and financial coverage and a raft of features. The merger also left the paper with the combined services of A.P., U.P., I.N.S., Reuters and the syndicated output of the Chicago *Tribune* and *Daily News*, plus the New York *Herald Tribune* and *News*. On Sundays the merged paper offers a glut of side dishes: two magazine sections, two comic sections, two tabloid magazines. More important, the *Post* managed to keep its old self dominant and yet hang on to the bulk of the old *Times-Herald* circulation.

No Clink or Patter. The merger is the major landmark in Publisher Graham's ten-year-old regime. He has kept busy beefing up the paper's neglected business-office side in other ways. He brought in top circulation and business executives hedged against the future by buying radio and TV stations: WTOP in Washington and WMBR in Jacksonville (total cost: \$7.8 million). He also raised the *Post's* long-pinned salaries. Fortnight ago he signed an unprecedented long-term (five years) contract with the Newspaper Guild giving staffers the top U.S. newspaper wage (\$160-a-week minimum in four years).

On the editorial side, where his heart lies, Graham has boosted community coverage and recast the top echelon. Managing Editor Friendly and 37-year-old Ohioan Robert Harley Estabrook, chief of the editorial page (who voted for Stevenson in 1952, though the paper had plumped for Eisenhower), serve under Executive Editor J. (for James) Russell Wiggins, et al.

An alumnus of the New York *Times*, Minnesotan Wiggins (who stands politically in the middle of the road) runs his operation with the cold, neat passion of a spinster picking cat hairs off the chesterfield. Under an intricate system that he devised, an assistant city editor giving an assignment records it on a dark green slip; if photos are needed with the story, he uses a red slip; for morgue pictures, a pink slip; if a cab is needed, a light green slip. Oldtimers wistfully recall the clink of glasses and patter of mice in the battered old *Post* city room. In the anti-septic new one—done in a sterile grey—Wiggins permits no coffee or sandwiches at desks, nothing on the walls but maps. Staffers may smoke if they wish; Wiggins provides ashtrays.

Journalists as Generalists. Publisher Graham has made himself the pillar of the *Post*. He calls the turn on editorial policy (and, a skillful writer, occasionally drafts an editorial himself), keeps his hand on newsroom salaries, hiring, new features and on such decisions as how many report-

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ers will cover the political conventions (eight), and whether the paper should hold open for late Wisconsin primary returns (it did). Staffers like his flair for an old soldier's easy profanity, his first-name familiarity and quickness to bestow praise.

From the start Graham meshed well with father-in-law Meyer, who has gradually moved to a back seat, where he now watches the *Post* editorialize for low tariffs instead of the high ones long dear to his heart. Graham has also won the admiration of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Meyer, 60, longtime reporter and sometime *Post* contributor—though he refused to run her latest story, a piece attacking segregation, because he thought it overstepped the paper's gradualist line. In 1948 he became proprietor as well as publisher when Meyer turned over all the voting stock to him and Kay Graham. To keep the paper on the public-service track Meyer also set up a self-perpetuating board with veto power on any buyer.

In his grey-curtained office, puffing a Parliament (40 a day) with his long legs stretched over the desk, Graham keeps communications lively between top-layer Washington and the *Post* on two softly ding-donging telephones. Often he has a Senator, an ambassador or a Cabinet officer to his luncheon anteroom, where he also holds executive conferences regularly. He manages to get to dinner only three or four nights a week with Kay and their four children (Elizabeth, 12; Donald, 10; William, 7; Stephen, 3) at his eight-bedroom Georgetown mansion.

The expanding *Post* and *Times-Herald* plans next year to more than double its five-year-old quarters with a \$5,500,000 building addition. But as a newspaper it has more vital needs. Its local staff is still undermanned and stretched thin; its seven-man national bureau (one-third the size of the *New York Times* bureau) does a spotty job; it has never had its own foreign correspondents. Phil Graham is aware of these problems. "Until two years ago," he says, "we did not know if we would survive. I'm a non-rushing fellow. I hope to expand everywhere in a patient, planned, overall manner."

Meantime Graham enjoys his work. "The most rewarding thing," he says, "is that journalists are among the very few generalists left in a boringly specialized world. You are in touch with everything from the local grass roots to the most complicated international thing. You rub up against so many things that you have an opportunity to be decent, constructive and half intelligent about some of them."

As the man who comes to breakfast with the most influential people in the world's most influential city, Phil Graham has great power and responsibility. He realizes this, and aims beyond it. He dreams of greatness for his paper. "I want independence and institutionalism," he says. "Before I die, I should like to see the *Post* like *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, the *Times* of London or the *New York Times*, with a sense of vocation on the part of the people who write and edit it, and with a continuity of fundamental principle."

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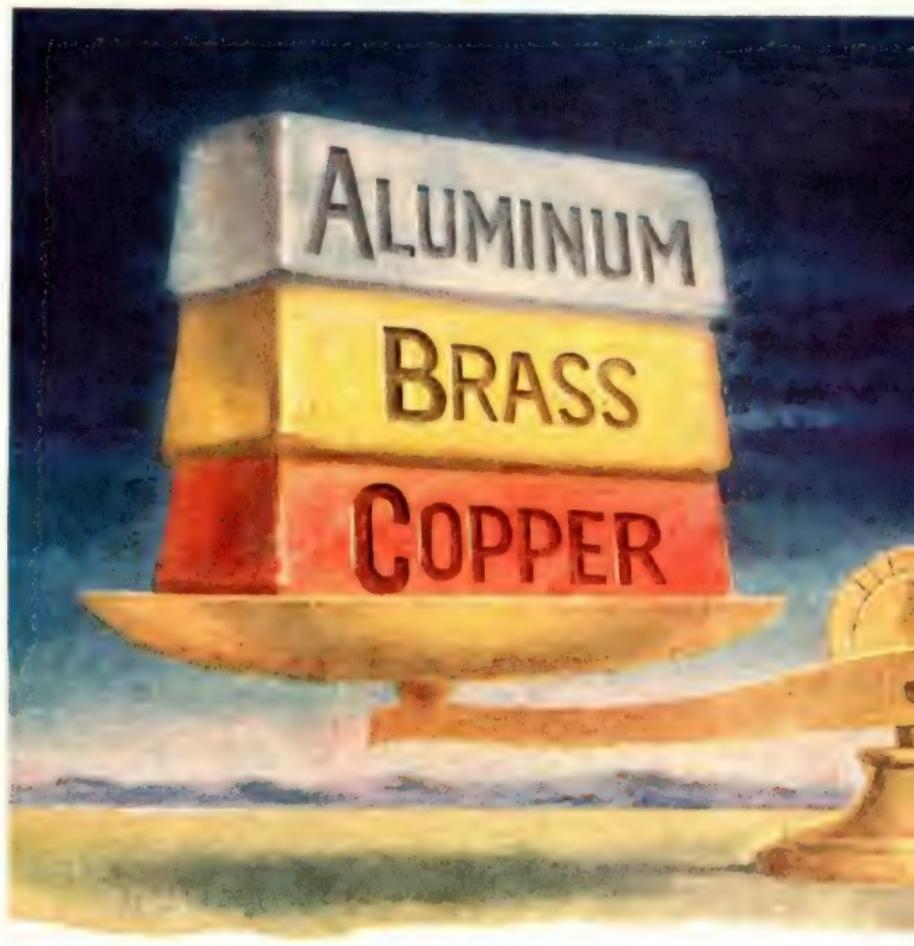
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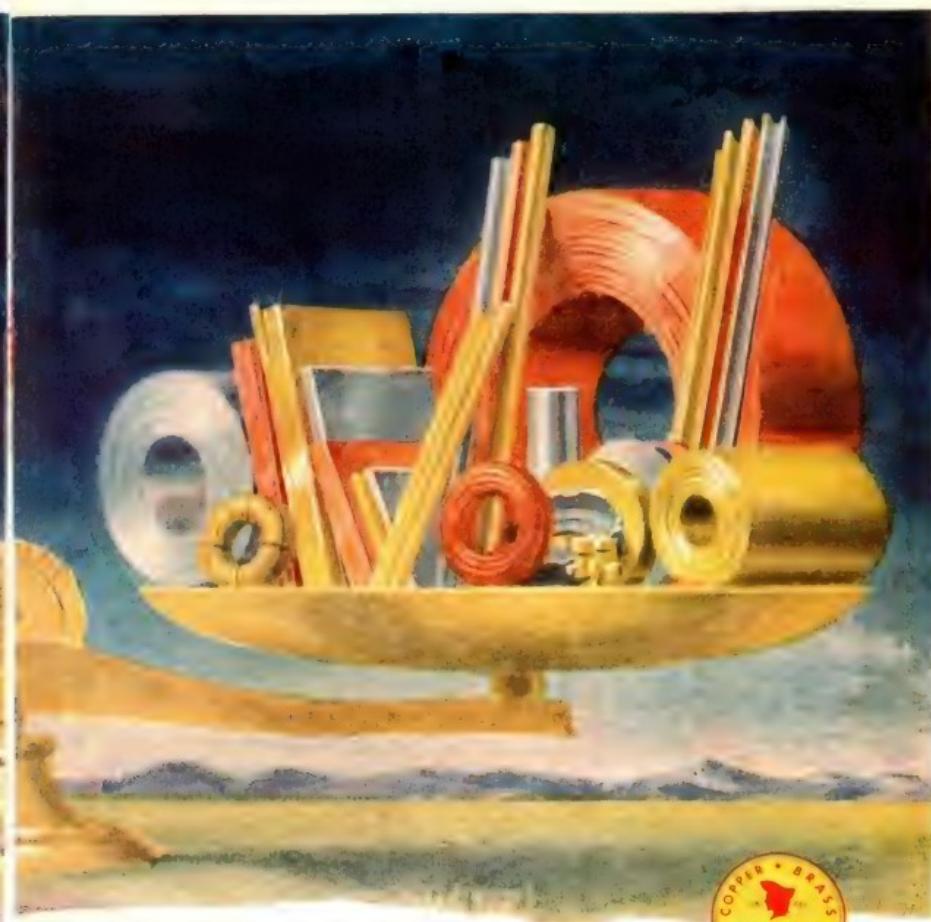


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MEDICINE

Progress Reports

Kicking off the 1956 drive for funds to support their work, the nation's top cancer investigators reported on progress and problems. Chief among them was Dr. Charles S. Cameron, 47, medical and scientific director of the American Cancer Society, whose new 268-page book for laymen (*The Truth About Cancer*; Prentice-Hall; \$4.95) outlines the symptoms and the treatment of cancer. The book's main point: prompt medical checkups at the first sign of such cancer signals as bleeding, unusual growths can easily dou-



Walter Doran

DIRECTOR CAMERON
Drugs must provide the cure.

ble the current U.S. cure rate of 15% in 500,000 new cases a year.

Barnstorming in Boston, Chicago and Manhattan lecture halls, Dr. Cameron also furnished new data last week on the most promising scientific developments in the hunt for a cancer cure. So far, even supervoltage radiation has failed to eliminate more than a small percentage of serious internal cancers; surgery has proved successful only in localized, easily removable cancers, e.g., of the breast and cervix. Cameron's conclusion: "Drug treatment has to be the solution."

Trial & Error. Although Cameron and his colleagues have come to agree that all cancer cells must have a common vulnerability, the search for a killer drug has been costly, time-consuming. It is likely that only when the chemical peculiarities of cancer cells are known, said Cameron, "can we interrupt the process for reproduction by interposing chemicals to block the cancer cell's required 'food.'" Currently, researchers must apply one chemical compound after another to each of a dozen types of animal tumors. Once a drug seems effective, it is put through an

exhaustive series of tests, so far has always proved to be of limited effectiveness. Needed first is a chart of cancer cell behavior to eliminate the present trial-and-error approach. "I see more optimism that this can be achieved," said Dr. Cameron. "Pure scientists are getting excited about human cancer. There is no question of an ultimate solution to the problem of abnormal [cancerous] growth."

Other developments:

¶ In Baltimore, Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads (TIME, June 27, 1949), director of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, told how five years ago chemical research was directed into all kinds of areas—hormones, alkylating agents. Today, cancer chemists are concentrating on nucleic acid, which all cells need in order to live. If the cancer cells' supply of nucleic acid can be poisoned, the cells will die.

¶ In Dallas this week, an encouraging advance on the drug front was jointly announced by Sloan-Kettering, the Mellon Institute and Parke, Davis & Co. Their newest drug: "D.O.N." (for 6-diazo-5-oxo-*l*-norleucine), which effectively inhibits the formation of nucleic acid in mouse cancer cells, but causes negligible harm to healthy cells.

¶ The U.S. Public Health Service announced contracts with five private laboratories for large-scale screening of 2,000 chemical compounds as possible cancer cell killers. Each compound will be tried on three different types of cancer implanted in mice.

Dr. Cameron and his colleagues are quick to admit that the ultimate solution is still far away. Under present methods of treatment, roughly half the nation's 700,000 cancer patients cannot possibly be cured, and many laymen think it senseless to prolong the agony of the hopeless cancer patient. To such doubters, Cameron answers in *The Truth About Cancer*:

"For a doctor to relax in the least degree his efforts to maintain life means that the question of when to stop fighting will arise to plague him every time he undertakes the care of an incurable cancer patient . . . Where can anyone, no matter how wise, draw the line?" There always the chance that "spontaneous remission," a rare inexplicable halt to tumor growth, may restore the cancer patient to health. Moreover, says Cameron, the possibility always exists of a timely cure for the patient's case of cancer. "The humane course is to hold on to such a hope, slender as it is, and help the patient to live on . . . The difference between euthanasia and letting the patient die by omitting life-sustaining treatment is only a moral quibble."

A Question of Pressure

Hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis) is the No. 1 killer among diseases in the U.S., leads to heart attacks, strokes, hemorrhages. Most researchers and practicing specialists have come to believe

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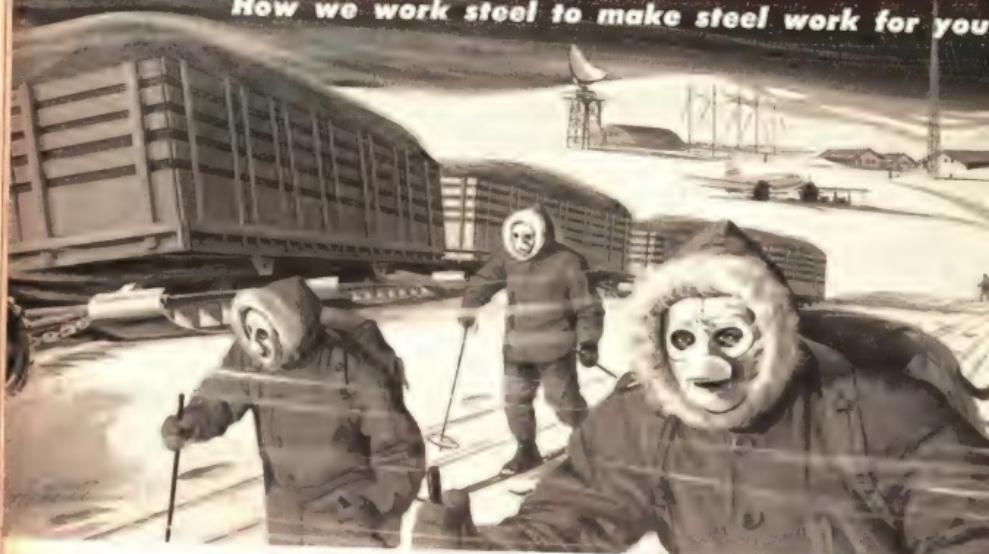
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tremely brittle. To make sure that sled runners would possess unfailing strength — armor-plate toughness — all critical welds were made with A. O. Smith SW-120 electrodes.

In their water travels, too, the expedition received an assist from A. O. Smith electrodes. SW-65's were used in welding the hull of the USS Glacier and SW-120's on the ship's higher tensile armor plate.

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that arteriosclerosis comes mainly from excess amounts of cholesterol, a fatty substance that clogs the blood vessels. Last week, in a report, Dr. Herman T. Blumenthal, 43, laboratory director of St. Louis' Jewish Hospital, dealt prevailing opinion a rude shock. His thesis, supported by ten years of research: emotional stress is the main cause of arteriosclerosis. How does it work? Fluctuating blood pressure working against the walls of the arteries causes lesions and hardening.

Pointing out that metabolic changes due to aging as well as localized inflammations, e.g., syphilis and TB, play a minor role, Blumenthal evolved his thesis through an intensive study of hemodynamics—the mechanics of blood flow and pressure



RESEARCHER BLUMENTHAL
Stress is the killer.

within arterial walls. Cholesterol is carried evenly through the body with the blood. But neither stress on arterial walls nor hardening of the arteries is uniform; both tend to coincide at artery junctions just as water forced through a pipe exerts greatest pressure at the joints. To stay healthy the arterial wall must remain elastic, expanding and contracting with blood pressure. Normal high blood pressure exerts "wear and tear" on the arterial walls without necessarily causing arteriosclerosis. But under changing, abnormally high pressures set off by emotional stress or organic troubles, e.g., certain tumors of the adrenal glands, the arterial walls at the vulnerable junctions lose their elasticity and start to harden. Said Blumenthal: "Except for a small number of persons who have inherited abnormal amounts of fat in their bloodstreams, cholesterol is the result, not the cause of the disease."

Researcher Blumenthal's next step is finding out what chemical substances the body builds to keep artery walls elastic; already he has seen a few irregular cases of high blood pressure where the body created new elastic material to offset



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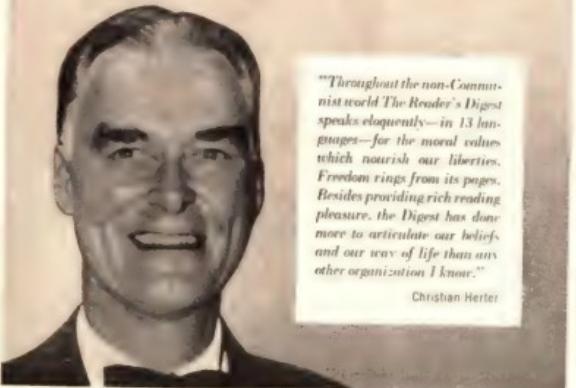
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Christian Herter

abnormal wear and tear, notably in coronary arteries. After Blumenthal and his aides isolate the elastic substance, they will concentrate on developing a man-made elastic to compensate for the ravages of stress on man's body lifelines.

Measure of Neglect

Doctors and insurance men have long known that the middle-aged U.S. male dangerously neglects medical checkups, as a result seldom enjoys the best possible health. Last week the New York City Cancer Committee showed how dangerous this neglect can be. Examining 412 volunteers, mostly Manhattan executives and mostly aged 45 to 50, committee doctors discovered that only 68, a bare 15%, were free of serious ailments. Five executives had probable skin cancers relatively easy to cure, but 53 had "potentially precancerous conditions. Thirty-five men had benign tumors requiring medical attention; 59 suffered from high blood pressure. Some 250 other potentially serious, hitherto unsuspected ailments were found among the 412 volunteers. The chief ones: heart disease, diabetes, ulcers, enlarged prostates and active TB (one case).

"A lot of these fellows are executive types. They overdrink, they oversmoke, and they are overweight," said a committee spokesman. "It's just a question of time before they run into trouble."

Capsules

¶ At its Geneva headquarters the World Health Organization proudly celebrated its eighth birthday. One of the largest of U.N.'s specialized agencies (84 member nations, compared with 76 for U.N. itself), WHO spends its \$10 million budget on a multitude of worldwide projects. Among them: 500 health programs going in 108 countries or territories (from Paraguay to Pakistan), testing and approving polio vaccines, a chain of stations to predict and prevent flu epidemics, the tightest control ever of TB, malaria, and trachoma, annual control of Mecca pilgrims, a radio warning system on epidemics. Besides sending in its own medical teams to underdeveloped areas, WHO has set up widespread village nurse and sanitation programs, instructed village women on pregnancy and pediatrics.

¶ Among U.S. cities with more than 100,000 population, San Francisco had the highest rate of alcoholism in 1950, reported two Yale University researchers, Mark Keller and Vera Efron, in the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*. With a rate of 4,190 "alcoholics with complications" per 100,000 adults, San Francisco far outdistanced nearby Sacramento (2,780) and Louisville (2,380). New York, Detroit and St. Louis finished well out of the first 25; Chicago ranked 17th, behind Washington, D.C. Least alcoholic were Austin, Texas and Charlotte, N.C., both with rates of 440. Avoiding comparisons, Investigators Keller and Efron cautiously passed the buck: "The psychological or cultural factors which influence the regional rates of alcoholism still await elucidation."



The Alamo—where you can stand on the costliest land in Texas

Remember the Alamo, they said, for its price was very high. Remember Davy Crockett, fiddling and cracking jokes during the lulls in the fighting. Remember big Jim Bowie, too weakened by pneumonia to wield the famous knife, but firing from his cot all the same. Remember a garrison of 188 men who died to a man to buy freedom for Texas.

Over the years the traditions of the Alamo have become an indelible part of the American pattern...and nowhere is this more evident than in the 4-H Club movement. This program, begun about 1900, seeks to develop in the nation's youth the qualities of loyalty, self-reliance and good citizenship so gallantly demonstrated in San Antonio 120 years ago.

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San Antonio, today, offers a wide range of memorable tourist attractions. You can visit La Villita, an authentic restoration of the city's first residential settlement, or see a play at the unique open-air theatre, where the river winds between audience and stage. There are rodeos and stock shows, fiestas, carnivals and museums. But most memorable of all is still the old mission with the bullet-pocked walls, where brave men died to make all the rest—and Texas, itself—possible.

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RADIO & TV

The Laurels

Notable winners of the 16th annual Peabody Awards, announced this week in Manhattan:

TV News: CBS's Douglas Edwards.
TV Entertainment: NBC's Perry Como and CBS's Jackie Gleason.

TV Drama: NBC's *Producers' Showcase*, with "a special bow to Peter Pan."

TV Children's Show: CBS's *Lassie*.

TV Education: Dr. Frank Baxter on station KNXT (Los Angeles), with a citation to CBS's *Omibus* for the series on the Adams family.

Radio-Television Music: ABC's *Voice of Firestone*.

Radio-Television Public Service: NBC Board Chairman Sylvester Weaver Jr., for "broadening the horizons of television . . . and for showing a respect for the intelligence of the public."

Radio-Television Promotion of International Understanding: ABC's Quincy Howe, with a citation to NBC's *Assignment India*.

Radio Education: NBC's *Biographies in Sound*.

The Week in Review

The effort of putting on two first-rate shows last week left television with neither ingenuity nor wit for the rest of its schedule. NBC's *Producers' Showcase* brought Broadway's Katharine Cornell to TV for her dramatic debut with her best-known vehicle, Rudolf Besier's 1931 hit, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. In telling the love story of bedridden Elizabeth Barrett and Poet Robert Browning, the play seemed to have a full set of strikes



Fred Daniell
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against it for a mass audience, since 1) it was about poets and poetry, 2) its problem could have been solved at any time merely by the heroine's walking out on her domineering father, 3) it had been seen on CBS-TV (with Geraldine Fitzgerald and Sir Cedric Hardwicke) as recently as last summer. All these difficulties were overcome, to hold absorbed some 28 million viewers—more people than Katharine Cornell has played to in her long theatrical career.

Freudian Horrors. A study in Victorian vapors and villainy. *Barretts* struck fire from the opening scene, when Cornell's feckless brothers and sisters trooped in singly to wish her well. Stretched wanly on a chaise longue, Actress Cornell was seemed too old for her role, but with her first big speech captured a youthful intensity that was an optical as well as an acting triumph. Henry Daniell gave



BETTY GRABLE & ORSON WELLES
The oddballs are winning.

one of his best performances, as a father tyrannical enough to cow a platoon of rebellious children, and in one searing moment—when he harshly kissed his fluttery niece, Bella—suggested the Freudian horrors that were revealed in the last act. Anthony Quayle made a Byronic lover as Robert Browning, but his part was badly crippled by the playwright's trick of never permitting a confrontation scene between the ardent poet and the implacable father.

Sudsý Sagas. CBS made daytime TV drearier than usual by adding two new 30-minute soap operas to its already numbing roster. Like all sudsy sagas, these two have portentous titles (*At the World Turnz* and *The Edge of Night*), vibrant organ "stings" at emotional moments, and time-consuming dialogue ("Penny: sometimes I don't get you," Penny, after a longish pause: "Sometimes I don't get

myself"). Much of the nighttime drama was equally soapy. *Robert Montgomery Presents* featured Henry Jones as a lack-wit garage mechanic who first fails in an attempt to murder his wife, and then wants her to live when she has a near-fatal accident. *Climax!* sniffed over the woes of beautiful Ruth Roman as she gambled away her husband's nest egg was accused of stealing \$6,000, and made a gesture toward suicide before falling into hubby's arms in a roadside motel for the final clinch that solved everything. *Lux Video Theater* struggled hopelessly with a limp script about some papier-mâché gangsters who were routed by the impassioned prose of a crusading sports reporter.

At week's end TV began acting its age again with the *Lord Star Jubilee* production of Hecht & MacArthur's *Twentieth Century*, starring Orson Welles and Betty Grable. The 24-year-old farce about how an unsuccessful theatrical impresario (Welles) gets together with his old flame a successful movie star (Grable) on the *Twentieth Century Limited* between Chicago and New York is still young and funny. The plot is zany yet convincing; the characters oddballs yet winning (including an alcoholic pressagent and a lovable lunatic); the lines still fresh ("What a perfect death scene sighs the star, "So simple. In her own bed"); the acting properly broad.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, April 11. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION:

Afternoon Film Festival (Wed., 3 p.m. ABC). H. G. Wells's *The History of Mr. Polly*, with John Mills.

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed., 10 p.m., CBS). Imogene Coca in *Funny Hearts*.

Lux Video Theater (Thurs., 10 p.m. NBC). Sarah Churchill in *Temptation*.

Person to Person (Fri., 9 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Pollster Dr. George Gallup. Comedienne Hermione Gingold.

Game of the Week (Sat., 1:55 p.m. CBS). Yankees vs. Dodgers.

Max Liebman Presents (Sat., 9 p.m. NBC). *Marco Polo*, with Alfred Drake. Dorothy Morrow.

Soluto to Baseball (Sun., 7:30 p.m. NBC). Eddie Fisher, Dave Garaway, Leo Durocher, assorted ballplayers.

Martha Raye Show (Tues., 8 p.m. NBC). With Jean Pierre Aumont, Harpo Marx. Rita Stevens, Rocky Graziano.

RADIO:

Air Time (Wed., 8:30 p.m., NBC). U.S. Air Force show, with Gisele MacKenzie.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat., 2 p.m., ABC). *Il Trovatore*, with Milanov, Rankin, Baum, Warren.

Boston Symphony Orchestra (Mon., 8:15 p.m., NBC). With Pianist Jesús María Sanromá. Guest conductor: Leonard Bernstein.

Politics and Primaries (Tues., 9:05 p.m. NBC). "Dateline: Pennsylvania."

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Architectural Oscars

The top prizes given to U.S. architects for buildings of the year are the annual awards of the 11,000-member American Institute of Architects. To pick this year's winners, a jury of five topflight architects, including Eero Saarinen (TIME, March 19) and Pietro Belluschi, dean of M.I.T.'s School of Architecture, thumbed through more than 200 sets of plans and photographs before they made their choice. The runaway winners, announced in Washington this week: the San Francisco firm of Wurster, Bernardi & Emmons, which not only got a First Honor Award for its \$258,000 "Thinkers" Shangri-La—the Ford Foundation's hilltop Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, near Stanford University—but also picked up two merit awards for houses in Stockton and Sausalito, Calif.

Other top winners:

¶ Hellmuth, Yamasaki & Lienweber of St. Louis and Detroit, for their concrete and glass terminal building at the St. Louis Municipal Airport.

¶ John Lyon Reid & Partners of San Francisco, for the Hillsdale High School in San Mateo, Calif., designed with re-

movable partitions and interchangeable wall panels for maximum planning flexibility and future growth.

¶ Philip C. Johnson of New York, a Mies van der Rohe purist, for a glass-paneled luxury house (owned by TV-man Richard Hodgeson) in New Canaan, Conn.

¶ Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, one of the nation's largest architectural firms, for the Manufacturers Trust Co.'s new open-faced aluminum and glass Fifth Avenue bank building.

Retreat for Scholars. In a year of outstanding buildings, the three awards to Wurster, Bernardi & Emmons are a tribute to a small U.S. firm (total staff: 25), whose open, uncluttered designs, broad windows and lavish use of natural wood have made it the leader in one of the best regional movements in the U.S. This week's prizewinners sum up the partners' goal: to disregard any preconceived formulas, fit each design both to the terrain and to the building's occupants and purpose.

For the Ford Foundation's Advanced Study Center, the firm, led by Senior Partner William Wilson Wurster, 60, dean

ART

of the University of California's School of Architecture, put together a miniature campus in six months from commission to moving day. Designed as a retreat for scholars, it is built around restful individual studies for the 38 residents, done in unpainted redwood, with secluded patios and large windows looking out over the lonely hills.

Hut for a House. Partner Theodore Bernardi, 52, who won a merit award for the pleasantly informal redwood house he designed for himself, chose a hillside site for maximum privacy and view. Main feature: an expansive wood deck, surrounded by oak and eucalyptus trees and overlooking San Francisco Bay. The Wurster-designed house in Stockton which won the second merit award, is a simple rectangle with large overhanging roof, a hot-climate house with a hat on it. It was meant to be a house for older people to retire in with dignity. It has big rooms but few of them, and it is easy to live in. There is nothing cute about it.

The prizewinning partners insist that their "California" style is simply a natural adaptation to the California way of life. Says Wurster: "One doesn't want regionalism for its own sake, but only if it

ROAD SHOW

COLLECTOR CHRYSLER
WALTER DIAK

ONE of the most princely private caravans of art ever to take to the road was camped last week in Portland, Ore., first stop on an 18-month tour of major U.S. museums. Carried in three moving vans, traveling by secret routes and picking up police escorts en route, the show's 101 paintings added up to \$5,600,000 worth of art masterworks, ranging in period from late Renaissance to Braque and Matisse, in size from a 20-ft. Monet *Nymphéas* to an 11-in. *Madonna and Child* by Dutch Master Lucas van Leyden. Owner of this treasure trove (plus an estimated 2,000 additional paintings and drawings and some 1,000 pieces of sculpture stacked away in apartments and warehouses): Multimillionaire Walter P. Chrysler Jr., at 46 a retired business executive, a sometime book publisher, horse breeder, Broadway producer, collector of odds and ends from old racing magazines to penny banks.

The traveling exhibition is testimony to Collector Chrysler's far-ranging tastes and shrewd buying. An art connoisseur since he first started saving up his allowance at 14 to buy a Renoir landscape with nude (a Hotchkiss master tore it off the wall as unsuitable for schoolboy eyes), Chrysler eased into collecting by searching out the buyers' markets: "When other collectors bought large canvases, I would buy small pictures. Later, when smaller paintings were more readily hung, I acquired large ones. When interest lagged in English, Dutch and Flemish schools, I added them." In 1939 Collector Chrysler also set a U.S. auction record for Cézanne paintings by paying \$27,500 for the portrait of *Madame Cézanne*.

One hit shew on the road has only whetted Chrysler's enthusiasm for more. In the last month he has bought three major Picasso works, including *Lady with Artichoke* (opposite), painted in 1942 and first shown after the war. Although bought too late for the present show, it will get a top billing in Chrysler's newest project: an all-Picasso show for later this year, all chosen from his own collection.



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fits the problem." The firm's record to date has brought commissions for everything from master plans for 21 Air Force bases in the U.S. to a \$12 million community project of the Ford assembly plant at Milpitas, Calif. What pleases the partners most is that clients no longer come in asking for something "modern. Says Wurster: "You can be sure that American colonists never asked for a 'colonial' house."

Russia Reconsidered

The systematic destruction of Stalin's "cult of personality" by Russia's new masters (see FOREIGN NEWS) is beginning to shake Soviet painters as well as the commissars. Instead of the models of heroic realism, which Russian painters have been forced for decades to turn out with machinelike standardization, Soviet painters have started shyly showing each other paintings they have kept carefully hidden away. Reported one recent visitor to Moscow: "Remarkably like Cézanne."

The first signs of a thaw in Russia's artistic climate even brought one timid debut out into the open. An unpublicized show by younger artists in a small Moscow gallery included canvases copying the strong, clear colors of Matisse and even imitations of Brague's cubist period. Clear inspiration for the new art effort was an exhibition—one of the most exciting seen in Moscow in decades—of French painting up to 1917, the year before the Soviets confiscated major private collections. Art students queued for hours in the subfreezing weather before Moscow's Pushkin Museum, came away from the show buzzing with excitement.

By last week the new party line had at least partial approval from the greatest Soviet realist of them all, Stalin's favorite portrait painter and president of the Soviet Academy of Art, Alexander M. Gerasimov, 74, whose heroic, mural-sized painting of Stalin and Marshal Voroshilov on the Kremlin ramparts recently disappeared from the Tretyakov State Art Museum. In a signed three-column article in *Sovetskaya Kultura*, Gerasimov publicly confessed some errors of the bad old days: "The cult of the individual has done considerable harm . . . Recollecting certain of my works of the past years I must admit that even in them has been reflected the negative influence." Calling for "a fire of color, powerful, elevated color chords," Gerasimov admitted that "the heritage of impressionism can be used for service to socialist realism." Comradely discipline and social consciousness still rate high. But, said he: "In the inner world of the individual we are far behind the old masters . . . One must not artificially force a theme on artists alien to their line of creation."

In opening the door a crack to modern art (at least up to 1917) and admitting that "both still lifes and landscapes have every right to develop in Soviet art," Gerasimov also left the door ajar for himself. Privately Gerasimov has been turning out a crop of voluptuous nudes with no social import whatsoever.



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The Guardian

In the 41 years since it began, the powerful (37,500 members) American Association of University Professors has been looked upon by facultymen across the U.S. as the guardian of their rights and liberties. But last week, at its annual meeting, the A.A.U.P. was faced with a bitter attack from within its own ranks. In censuring eight campuses for alleged violations of academic freedom, the association seemed to some to be using the very arbitrary methods it had been set up to denounce.

Only If Unfit. For months before the meeting, a special eight-man committee had been examining the records of various campuses and had finally drawn up a statement reaffirming the A.A.U.P.'s stand on the question: Should a teacher be fired if he has pleaded the Fifth Amendment or remained silent while under investigation for Communist ties or sympathies? Its main conclusion: the only way a school can justly fire a teacher is to prove that he is unfit to teach because of "incompetence, lack of scholarly objectivity or integrity, serious misuse of the classroom or of academic prestige gross personal misconduct, or conscious participation in conspiracy against the government."

Under this rule, said the committee, a school would not even have the right to fire a Communist Party member, unless the teacher is proved unfit as a teacher. Nor should it have the right to dismiss a man solely because he pleads the Fifth Amendment. In such cases the school may have the duty to investigate further. But the burden of proof should lie with the institution, and no final decision should be made until the accused professor has been judged by his academic peers. Though it may be legally indefensible, added the committee, a refusal to answer questions out of fear of hurting others "may not be morally or academically blameworthy."

"I Am Walking Out." Broad as this statement was, the A.A.U.P. was willing to adopt it as its official position. Then it moved on to debate the cases of eight campuses recommended for censure: the University of California, Ohio State, Rutgers, Temple, Oklahoma, St. Louis University, North Dakota Agricultural College, and Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College. Each school had only ten minutes at the meeting in which to defend itself, and in the end all eight were duly blacklisted. But to some of its members, the A.A.U.P. seemed far from giving the accused campuses the same sort of treatment it was demanding for professors.

Cried Author George R. (Storm) Stewart, professor of English at the University of California and veteran battler against California's regents' loyalty oath: "I am walking out. I will return to the University of California, where I shall inform my colleagues that the action you have taken here is tyrannous. I shall also tell them

that they should wear their censure proudly as a badge of torture given by a tyrant." Added Frederic Heimberger, professor of political science at Ohio State: "As a member and loyal supporter of the A.A.U.P. for 25 years, I am shocked and dismayed by this action. There was not the slightest semblance of a fair hearing . . ."

Medals for Iggy

In the south ballroom of Washington's Willard Hotel one night last week: a stocky, wavy-haired Dominican priest rose from his seat at the head table. As 800 guests burst out cheering, he made his way to the speaker's stand to receive the highest honor Catholic University alumni can pay. At 69, the Very Rev. Ignatius Smith, dean of C.U.'s School of



Walter Bennett
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY'S SMITH
The learned must be generous.

Philosophy, became the ninth recipient of the Cardinal Gibbons medal, "for distinguished and meritorious service to the United States of America, the Catholic Church or the Catholic University of America." Though better-known men have won the medal before him, e.g., J. Edgar Hoover, General J. Lawton Collins, the Philippines' Carlos Romulo, the university has never bestowed it with quite the same feeling as in the case of Father Smith. But Father Smith's big night did not end there. In a surprise appearance, the Apostolic Delegate presented him in the name of the Pope the cross "*Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*."

For so years "Iggy" Smith has been a dominant figure at C.U. He has made philosophy so popular that 2,000 out of 3,500 students each year take at least one course in it. When not talking Aristotle or Aquinas, Iggy is apt to be roaring at a pep rally, cheering on a team or knocking out a bit of ragtime on the piano. "He has

been seen," says Athletic Director "Eddie" LaFond, "demonstrating left hooks, racing star sprinters across the campus, doing road work ten miles away, throwing blocks on 225-lb. tackles, pitching for the baseball team and carrying the ball on an off-tackle play."

Hair for Backsliders. Born Henry Michael Smith, the eldest of the six children of an Irish grocer in Newark, N.J., Iggy went through Newark High School while working as a brewery bookkeeper and machine-shop man. Just when the desire to become a priest hit him he does not know, but "suddenly," says he, "it was there." He chose the Dominican Order and the name Ignatius, and after his novitiate year at St. Rose Priory in Springfield, Ky. he was sent by the order to C.U.

In 1915 he got his Ph.D., and a year later was called to Manhattan. There he performed a bewildering array of duties as pastor and prior of St. Catherine of Siena Church, national director of the Holy Name Society, editor of the *Holy Name Journal*, national director of the Third Order of St. Dominic, founder-editor of the *Torch*. He not only could get along on five hours of sleep, but he also developed a flair for handling his delinquent parishioners. On Saturday nights he would make the rounds of the neighborhood bars, eye a backslider and say: "Shouldn't you go to confession tonight so that you can go to Communion tomorrow?" Gradually, the number of Holy Name Society members showing up regularly for Communion rose from 22 to 1,000.

I'll Race You. In 1920 C.U. recalled Father Smith as an instructor of philosophy (among his first students: the future Bishop Fulton Sheen). Soon the whole campus became acutely aware of the bluff young priest and his odd habits. At any time he was apt to march up to a student and say, "Come on, I'll race you to Gibbons Hall." Sometimes, just for the exercise, he would take the B. & O. to Rockville, 16 miles away, then return to campus by walking 100 yards, running the next 100, walking the next, and so on. He became a fixture at every pre-game rally, an unofficial talent scout for C.U.'s athletic teams. Meanwhile, he found time to start C.U.'s famed Preachers Institute—"out of sympathy for the laymen who have suffered through poor sermons."

Today, a few months before his mandatory retirement, Iggy still gets up at 4:45 in the morning, still reads pretty well through the works of St. Thomas Aquinas once a year. The door of his study is always open to students, and though he might call them "Butch" or "Babe" or "Toots," thousands have gone to him for advice. "A university," says he, "is not created by textbooks but by atmosphere—the consecrated service to students by teachers. I try to impress on the students that we are just trustees of knowledge for the benefit of others. That those with learning must be generous. Learning for the sake of learning may be the ideal of some, but not here. We want learning for the sake of diffusion."



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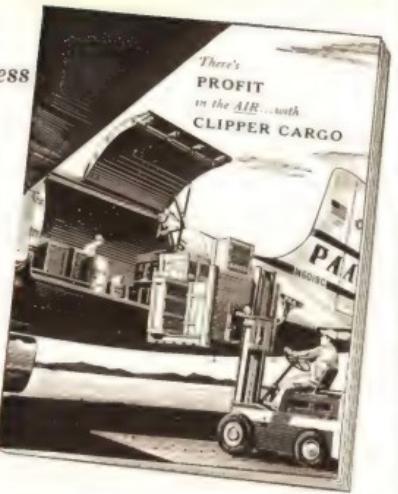
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How to Be a Rhodes Scholar

In the 52 years since they were first awarded, 1,478 Rhodes scholarships have gone to Americans, but only twelve of these students were from Roman Catholic campuses. Does that mean that the program discriminates against Catholic college? In the current *America*, Jesuit weekly, Education Editor Neil G. McCluskey makes an answer: no. In the process he makes some pertinent observations on how Rhodes scholars are born.

"As would be expected," says McCluskey, "a few of the traditional liberal-arts strongholds have consistently gobbled up the lion's share [of scholarships]. Five schools account for slightly over one-fifth . . . They are Princeton with 89, Harvard with 77, Yale with 74, Dartmouth with 34 and Virginia with 29. The real surprise is West Point . . . which ranks fifth, with 33 Rhodes scholars. Twenty state universities and large private institutions between them account for another 312 grants, an average of 15.6 per institution."

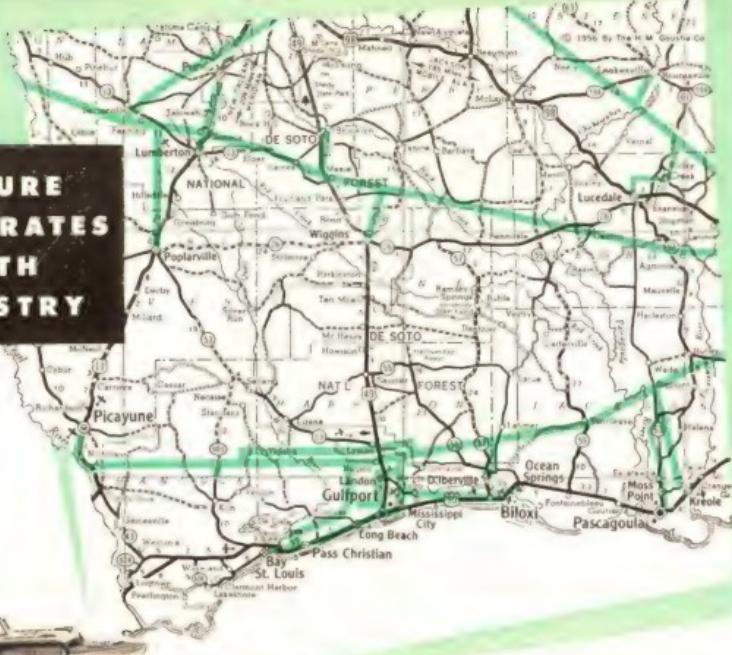
In studying the program's selection procedures, McCluskey found no evidence of religious discrimination, nor did he find that any one campus is automatically favored over another. The fact is, says he, that the campuses with the largest number of Rhodes scholars are simply those that encourage their students the most. At Princeton a special faculty committee helps interested students make out their applications, even recommends people from whom students may be able to get the necessary testimonials. West Point presents up to 30 candidates a year, and Annapolis (15 in 52 years) gives its candidates extra leave to attend state and district meetings. Yale's 20 candidates hold mock Rhodes interviews a few weeks before the state competitions. The University of Minnesota invites top honor men to apply for the program.

"And the Catholic colleges? In 1954 the combined total of applicants accredited by all American colleges and universities was 425. That same year 19 Catholic institutions presented a total of 21 applicants. In 1955 eleven Catholic institutions accredited 15 candidates among a national total of roughly 500." In other words, concludes Jesuit McCluskey, the Catholic campuses just don't seem to care enough. "In view of the figures cited above, it does seem rather foolish to look elsewhere for the principal reason explaining the paltry results."

Men of Letters

In a study of the postgraduate record of its great 1948 football team (Big Ten champion), the University of Michigan's *Alumnus* offered evidence that star athletes are not the academic dopes that legend has them. Of the 34 men who won their letters, all graduated on time, and seven went on to higher degrees. Of the 22 top players, three are doctors, one is a medical student, two are lawyers, two are architects, eleven are in business, one is a TV sports director, only two have become football coaches.

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TIME, APRIL 16, 1956

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Other Boom

In the biggest boom in U.S. history, there has been persistent worry (some of it real, some purely political) about the small businessman. Last week the U.S. Government's Small Business Administration brought out a fat (200 pages) report that eased the genuine concern and flatly contradicted some of the political talk. The facts: small businessmen* have indeed lagged behind big industry in the boom, but they are catching up fast.

In his semiannual report to the President and Congress, SBA Administrator Wendell B. Barnes pointed out that earnings of small corporations in the year ending with 1955's third quarter jumped to \$627 million, up 42% from the previous year. The climb, said SBA, was proof that they were swiftly pulling out of their post-Korea slump. Though the small business earnings index (1947-49 = 100) was still well below wartime peaks, in a year it moved up 21 points to 67, and is still picking up.

"Of course," said Barnes, "various problems plague the small business sector of the economy." Foremost is the squeeze on some raw materials, e.g., steel, aluminum, copper, newsprint. The small businessman also has a tough time bringing in new equity capital and finding long-term loans at cheap rates. But he thrives anyway: business failures dropped to 10,660 last year v. 11,085 in 1954. The business population rose to 4,225,000 firms of all sizes at mid-1955, a net increase of more than 28,000 companies in a year.

For the small businessman's growing prosperity, SBA took a modest share of the credit. To boost its own loan program, it teamed up with local banks to finance capital improvement loans for such small companies as neighborhood stores; in 1955's last half SBA approved \$30,332,390 in loans, an increase of 20% over the previous six months. But SBA's proudest accomplishment is channelling a bigger share of Government contracts to small business. This year, said SBA, the Government will boost to \$158 million its contracts with small businesses, a gain of more than 100% over 1955.

Overemployment

In March 63,100,000 men and women (a record for the month) were at work, an astonishing 2,700,000 more than last year at the same time. Unemployment, at 2,800,000, was down slightly from February and about 300,000 below March 1955.

What these Commerce and Labor Department figures mean is that, except for scattered troubles, the U.S. economy is in a state of full employment. In many sectors it is too full. Not only are there

* By SBA's rough definition, a small business is 1) a retailer with gross yearly sales of less than \$1,000,000, 2) a wholesaler with a gross under \$2,000,000 yearly, 3) any firm with fewer than 500 employees.



Garrett-Howard

GOOD HUMOR MAN

Too full.

severe shortages of skilled workers; unskilled help is also hard to find.

With summer on the way, Good Humor Co. of Calif. reported that it cannot find enough drivers to man its bell-ringing trucks. The report, and dozens like it, led economists for Manhattan's austere First National City Bank to an interesting speculation: "If we had figures on unfilled job requisitions, it is possible that they would show that there are more unfilled jobs than persons unemployed." And that, points out National City, "is a condition of overemployment."



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
OILMAN McMAHON & BRIDE
Two dreams.

OIL & GAS

Battle of the Giants

Two giants of the oil business squared off last week for a fight to dominate Canada's natural gas industry. In one corner was Clint Murchison, the flamboyant Texas oil tycoon (*TIME*, May 24, 1954) who bosses an empire of companies with assets of about \$400 million. Against him was Francis Murray Patrick McMahon, 53, multimillionaire Canadian who began as a \$4-a-day driller and rose to be a leading operator in Western Canada's spectacular oil boom. The big stake in the contest between them: a franchise to build a \$350 million pipeline to carry Western gas 2,200 miles to the cities of Eastern Canada and the U.S. Midwest.

McMahon's challenge took Murchison by surprise. The Texan's company, Trans-Canada Pipe Lines, Ltd., has held the pipeline franchise for almost two years and Clint Murchison once grandly declared that the building of it would be "the major achievement of my life." But Murchison had trouble financing the deal. The line had to run through an uninhabited area of northern Ontario, which called for a subsidy from the Canadian government and a measure of acquiescence on the part of competing U.S. gas companies.

Perfect Timing. While Trans-Canada grappled with its problems, Frank McMahon was a quiet bystander. He was then deep in negotiations to build a 650-mile pipeline to take gas from his companies' fields in Alberta and British Columbia through the Rocky Mountains into the U.S. Pacific Northwest. But McMahon's delay gave McMahon time to get his Northwest project well under way.

Once he decided to tackle the Murchison interests, McMahon planned a powerful offensive. While Murchison asked for Canadian government aid, McMahon offered to build and finance the entire pipeline as a private enterprise. Instead of threatening to compete against gas companies in the U.S. Midwest, McMahon offered to sell them Canadian gas, let them distribute it. Thus he eliminated many of the objections blocking Washington's approval of Murchison's import permit.

Good Investments. Born in the British Columbia mining town of Moyie (pop. 225), McMahon started as a hard-rock diamond-driller, drifted to Alberta and formed his own drilling company there before the province's oil play began. He took an option on a promising piece of Alberta land and brought in one of the province's first major oil wells at Leduc in 1947. Since then, he has plowed his oil earnings into a steadily successful search for more oil and gas. His companies now own or control hundreds of wells, hold leases on some of the richest oil lands in Alberta and British Columbia; McMahon's petroleum empire is estimated to be worth at least \$250 million.

To keep his empire expanding, Mc-

Mahon during the last two years has spent almost as much time in Texas, Wall Street and Washington as in Calgary. No man to overlook a good investment wherever he is, McMahon helped back two Broadway musicals (*Pajama Game*, *Plain and Fancy*), turned a fat profit on both. Last week Millionaire McMahon took time off to be married to one-time Hearst Columnist Betty Betz, 36 (each for the second time), whom he met two years ago.

After a quick Manhattan honeymoon, McMahon went back to the job of trying to wrest the Trans-Canada pipeline franchise away from Clint Murchison. If Frank McMahon is successful—as now seems likely—he will do more than spoil Murchison's dream of achievement. He may even outrank Murchison on the roster of North America's biggest oilmen.

ADVERTISING

Blow Bows Out

With no warning at all, one of Manhattan's biggest ad agencies last week hung up its grey flannel suit, wrapped the draperies of its couch about it and lay down to pleasant dreams. Milton H. Blow, 63-year-old founder, chairman and president of Blow Co., Inc., announced that he would liquidate the company at the end of June. His explanation: "After 40 years of intensive application, I feel that I can now pursue other interests."

Thus ended a spectacular career. Blow founded his company during World War I at the age of 25, and quickly proved himself a nimble idea man. For his first big account he coined the phrase "Bulova Watch Time." For Eversharp, Inc. he invented radio's \$64 Question, saw the sum of money gain such renown that TV's current \$64,000 Question pays him a royalty. He found a midget bellhop, assigned him the \$50,000-a-year job of shrilling "Call for Philip Morris!" By 1952, with an annual billing of \$50 million, Blow Co. ranked as the eighth biggest U.S. advertising agency.

But then, Blow's road led downhill. Sensing that he was slipping, Blow turned over some of his authority to two big account executives, changed the agency's name to Blow-Beirn-Toigo, Inc. Then suddenly big accounts became dissatisfied with the agency's work and signed off one by one. Oldtimer Bulova Watch Co. withdrew in 1954. Pepsi-Cola and Philip Morris, among others, left in 1955. Executive Vice President John Toigo brought the Schlitz beer account into the firm early this year without consulting Blow; angrily, Blow threw Schlitz back out, took over the company again and changed its name back to Blow Co. In the midst of the confusion F. Kenneth Beirn, Toigo and a host of other key staff members quit.

Left alone, his billings at least halved and still slipping, Adman Blow fought to keep his agency alive, even tried to push a \$1,000,000 revitalizing program. Madison Avenue felt that he might make it. But Blow, mulling it all over, finally decided that the task would be too much for him.

HIGHER OIL PRICES are on the way, says Sinclair Oil Corp. President P. C. Spencer. Though producers have held prices fairly stable for almost three years, the cost of finding oil and the cost of refining it are rising so fast that the industry wants a flat 20% hike in the price of crude oil, with commensurate price boosts for all refined products.

LOW RAILROAD PROFITS will be laid before the public in a \$100 million ad campaign, if New York Central Boss Robert R. Young has his way. Young is disturbed over the fact that the industry earns barely 4% profit v. at least 6% for other public utilities, wants the roads to spend 7½% of their pre-tax earnings in a campaign to spread their financial "dangers" before the public.

70 MILLION CARS, 35% more than today, will be rolling along U.S. highways by 1966, predicts Chrysler Corp. Economist W. C. Flaherty. Though the number of cars scrapped each year will increase from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 an expanding population, better roads and better cars will push

Last week, as some 300 Blow employees scrambled to find new jobs, other agencies began scrambling for his remaining accounts. Among them: Armstrong Rubber Co., Benrus Watch Co. and Hudson Pulp & Paper Corp., attractive prizes all.

UTILITIES

The Free Phone Call

Like subway turnstiles and slot machines, the telephone is a traditional target for those Americans with a yen for outwitting the machine age. Before science developed the foolproof pay phone, nearly every college boy knew how to make it disgorge a tinkling stream of nickels. Last week Illinois Bell Telephone Co. ruefully explained another game that costs it as much as \$400,000 annually: the free call, in which by various stratagems thousands of callers in toll booths and at home use the phone company's wires without ever paying a cent. At Bell's urging, the Illinois State Commerce Commission last week adopted a regulation allowing the phone company to refuse service to anyone caught ducking the charges for calls.

A Call to Himself. The digits for the free calls, says Bell, are hundreds of codes made up by users to get the desired information across without appearing to complete a call. Some are ridiculously simple, others awesomely elaborate, but all quite effective. One favorite is the no-answer code. A commuter who misses his train, for example, calls home at a prearranged time, lets the phone ring a predetermined number of times, then hangs up. Depending on the number of rings, his wife knows

the nation's new car sales up to average 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 annually.

A STEEL PRICE INCREASE is coming in a few months, will probably top \$9 a ton for one of the biggest boosts on record. Reasons: 1) anticipated union pressure for a big pay hike, 2) a \$3-billion, 15-million-ton expansion in the next three years.

LOAN DEMAND from business is skyrocketing because of heavy federal tax payments due this month. Federal Reserve member banks report that commercial, industrial and agricultural loans shot up by \$1.4 billion in the first three weeks of March, pushing total loans up 20% over a year ago.

WESTINGHOUSE'S GOAL for 1956 is not only to win back its strike-lost appliance market, but jump ahead 35% over last year's sales. Westinghouse will kick off a \$32 million ad campaign, biggest in its history, go to the dealers with a revamped 1956 line: portable TV sets, a 22-inch color receiver, an array of "built-in" refrigerators, freezers and automatic washers.

just what train he will catch, and what time to be at the station. Another much-used gimmick is the collect call. The husband calls collect as "Mr. Brown at 528 Madison Avenue." His wife refuses to accept the call, then trots off to meet the 5:28 train. Still another variation is the safe-arrival code. A traveler takes a plane from Chicago to New York, then phones home person-to-person and asks to speak to himself. His wife is thus informed that he has arrived safe and sound.

A Carload on Wednesday. Even worse says Illinois Bell, are the companies that use the no-toll long distance call to transact business. Some produce firms, collection agencies and manufacturers are among the offenders, costing the telephone company untold revenue every year. A fruit company in California may call its distributor in Chicago and ask for "Mr. Brown." Translated, the words mean that it has a carload of seedless grapefruit at \$2 a case. The answer, "Sorry, Mr. Brown is in Portland," means, "Fine, send a carload for Wednesday delivery."

No one knows exactly how much free callers cost U.S. phone companies every year, but the estimates run well into the millions. The game has grown so fast and so expensive that in the past year 45 states (all except Nebraska, Wisconsin and Louisiana) have adopted regulations similar to the one established last week in Illinois. But at best the rules are only a moral deterrent. For one thing, hard evidence is almost impossible to get. For another, the phone companies hesitate to make a real issue of it—the publicity may give thousands more telephone users ingenious new ideas.

SHOW BUSINESS

In the Groove

Four klieg lights stabbing the sky over Hollywood and Vine one night last week signaled the opening of a new office building that is strange even for Hollywood: a 13-story smogscraper, round as a record. On the street below, Jane Russell, Connie Haines, Dick Haymes, Gordon MacRae and Tennessee Ernie Ford strolled over a red carpet into the \$2,000,000 reinforced-concrete tower as the crowd cheered and loudspeakers blared.

As unusual as the circular office building, the first of its kind in the world, is its owner—Capitol Records. Fourteen years ago Capitol was a shellac-like gleam in the eyes of three founders (including *Blues* in

Lighting by **DAY-BRITE** makes the big difference



She enjoys working more

when seeing tasks are properly lighted. In addition, workers' morale is improved as eye-strain, fatigue and headaches are reduced; absenteeism drops; neatness is encouraged; greater pride in the job is reflected in better work... All these advantages can be easily and economically brought out with modern lighting by Day-Brite—it makes the big difference. Before you decide on office lighting, call your Day-Brite representative. You'll find him in your classified phone directory. Or, send for office-lighting data.

61130

Nation's largest manufacturer of lighting equipment
—for offices, schools, stores, factories, hospitals

DECIDELY BETTER
DAY-BRITE
Lighting Fixtures

Day-Brite Lighting, Inc., 5472 Bulwer Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.
In Canada: Amalgamated Electric Corp., Ltd., Toronto 6, Ontario



CAPITOL'S TOWER
Out of nowhere.

(*the Eight Composer Johnny Mercer*), who put up a grand total of \$10,000. Last year Britain's giant, conservative Electrical & Musical Industries liked the company so much that it paid \$8,300,000 for 96.4% of Capitol's stock.

Two Capitol records—Les Baxter's *Poor People of Paris* and Nelson Riddle's *Latin Antigua* are the No. 1 and No. 2 jukebox favorites in the U.S. Its *Sixteen Tons*, by Tennessee Ernie, is the fastest selling record in history (\$1,000,000 in three weeks). Among *Billboard's* top ten albums, Capitol last week led all other companies with four. In 14 years Capitol has moved from nowhere to fourth place in the industry, just behind the patriarchs: RCA Victor, Columbia, Decca.

In the face of the industry's rock and roll frenzy, Capitol has remained calm: both *Poor People* and *Antigua* are noted for their melody. Capitol has also done a notable job with old-line performers, spin-



How ya gonna keep 'em up on the farm?

Keeping machines on their feet, in top working order, is a major chore on the farm. The more dependable and trouble free farm implements can be made...the more time the farmer can spend on his most important task...producing the food that feeds the nation.

Keeping 'em up on the farm is a problem on which CHAIN Belt's farm implement chain development team has concentrated. Chains are vitally essential components that move power from engine to shafts and convey materials on most farm implements.

Through extensive field and laboratory research, CHAIN Belt engineers have developed a series of three

new implement chains...chains that are far stronger, last longer and yet are exceptionally economical. These new chains enable the implement designer to select the chain that exactly fits the service life and cost requirements of any farm machine.

It's another example of CHAIN Belt leadership in creative engineering...the ability to work ahead to meet the developing needs of all industry. Why not have your CHAIN Belt Field Sales Engineer bring you up to date on important new developments that can help you reduce costs and improve production? CHAIN Belt Company, 4798 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Industry looks to **CHAIN BELT COMPANY**



Drive and Conveyor Chains • Sprockets • Bulk Handling Conveyors • Construction
Machinery • Water and Waste Treatment Equipment • Self-Aligning Roller Bearings

Our Fourth Dimension...

The other day a fact-finder dropped into our office to get some information for a client planning to locate an industry in Massachusetts. Talk got around to availability of highly trained professional people — engineers and the like. Our pool of top-level workers is one of the finest in the country, but reluctantly we had to admit that you don't find too many such folks at liberty.

At that point, our visitor made the interesting observation that his client did not consider this to be a major location problem. He went on to explain that in their experience, engineers, technicians and other high-salaried workers in industry throughout the country are eager to come to New England because it is so fine a region in which to live and work and raise a family.

This *livability* is Massachusetts' fourth dimension in the field of economic development. And there is truly gracious living in this old Commonwealth of ours, rich in its incomparable heritage of American history and culture — its superior educational facilities, its delightful variety as a vacationland, its warm homeliness.

We recommend this important element of *livability* in Massachusetts to industrialists with plant location problems.

Richard C. Astor
Commissioner
Massachusetts Department of Commerce
334 Boylston Street, Boston 16
(Copley 7-5600)



G. M.'s BRADLEY, DONNER & SLOAN
One name is still the same.

International

nining them to new popularity. In 1934 Capitol went out after Frank Sinatra, then dying on the vine, talked him into coming over, and launched the Sinatra revival. Since then it has made other "cold" artists real cool: Judy Garland, Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Harry James, Fred Waring. Capitol's reward: 1955 sales soared 26% over 1954 to a record \$21,308,633, and profits spiraled 33%.

PERSONNEL Automatic Shift

At 80, tall, austere Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr. was long since Mr. General Motors. President from 1923 to 1937, chief executive officer from 1933 to 1946, board chairman since 1937, he was the major factor in making G.M. the world's greatest industrial corporation, increased its share of U.S. automotive output from 12% when he took over to 50% today. Last week Alfred Sloan, management genius, stepped out as chairman of the board of General Motors.

Into his place, in as automatic a move as a G.M. gearshift, stepped Al Bradley, a man little known but easy to know. Bright, twinkling-eyed Al Bradley is a contrast to his great predecessor and good friend, Sloan, a graven-faced Connecticut Yankee, practiced prohibition for years, wears a stickpin, dresses with a flourish, disdains tobacco and sniffs at sports. Bradley is a roly-poly (5 ft. 6 in., 160 lbs.) Briton who arrived in the U.S. at the age of seven, a casual dresser who often appears in mismatched pants and coat, a keen southpaw golfer and a Scotch drinker.

A Ph.D. in economics (Michigan, '17), Bradley joined G.M. in 1919, was operations chief during World War II, became chairman of the finance policy committee in 1946. By 1954 he was earning \$611,500 in salary and bonuses, making him second in G.M. (and in all U.S. industry) only to President Harlow H. Curtice, who netted \$686,100. Bradley moves up to board chairman as he reaches 65 (May 29), normal retirement age for G.M. operating officials.

Into Bradley's former post as executive vice president and finance chairman goes Frederic G. Donner, 54, a G.M. financial specialist since 1926. Michiganander Donner (Michigan, '23) is a trim, conservative

man with a passion for figures and a reputation for precision. Staff members call him an "animated slide rule," set their watches by his arrival at work (8:30 a.m.), respect his ability to shuffle three sets of figures at once without losing track.

After all the changes, the top operating spot at G.M. was still firmly held by the same man: President Harlow H. Curtice.

RETAIL TRADE

Bosom Boards & Buggies

Cataloguers at the Library of Congress last week recorded a new entry: a mile-long microfilm of every Sears, Roebuck catalogue, from the slim booklet of 1892 to 1956's Spring-Summer four-pounder, 1,360 pages long. The film replaced dog-eared issues frayed by generations of historians, playwrights, economists, artists and others seeking a picture of the U.S. past.

The 64-year micro-record is a reminder that Americans were offered and bought some odd artifacts—crocodile sofas, mourning handkerchiefs, dog-powered butter churns, solid gold toothpicks with ear-spoon attached, mustache cups ("appropriate gift for the man of elegance") and bosom boards (wooden stiffeners used to shape men's shirts for ironing). In 1905, Sears was offering the "Princess Bust Developer," a bell-shaped cup attached firmly to a handle, and was telling women that *IF NATURE HAS NOT FAVORED YOU, the developer would.*

There were 22 pages of buggies in the 1896 book, none in 1933; the famous Covered Wagon went thataway permanently after the 1923 catalogue. "Radio apparatus" made its debut in 1919 under "Telegraph instruments." Silk stockings showed up in the 1912 catalogue for the first time, with the warning: "Treat them carefully." Pajamas made a coy appearance in 1899 for men only; twin beds appeared in 1921. Women's fleece-lined bloomers and men's congress gaiters (high shoes with elastic inserts, no laces) held on as late as 1939, then followed the fur derby into history.

Said grateful Congressional Librarian L. Quincy Mumford, welcoming the gift from Sears: "One of the most useful, accurate and fascinating records of the living standards of the American people."



Is this man a "Loafer"?

Not necessarily. When a man has to put his feet on his desk to get comfortable his desk or chair may be at fault

Some men think best with their feet on the desk. But most people *have* to assume this posture because their chairs or desks are uncomfortable. Even with his feet on the floor, the uncomfortable person wastes a lot of time. He gets tired easier, his efficiency drops.

Shaw-Walker New Low Desks and Correct Seating Chairs are *time-engineered* to compel the most restful, healthful position, daylong. The man or woman who uses them is more alert. They can't help but turn out better work, faster.

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COMPANY TOWNS, 1956

The Growth of the Model Community

*Saint Peter, don't you call me, 'cause I can't go,
I owe my soul to the company store.*

A THOUSAND times a day U.S. jukeboxes moaned out *Sixteen Tons*, a Tin Pan Alley folk song about a coal miner who is soul-deep in debt to his employer. The song landed with a sixteen-ton impact because of its tooling orchestration and Tennessee Ernie Ford's richly lugubrious style. To the jukebox generation the words were all but meaningless. Yet, as late as the 1920s, the ballad's bitter plaint was a real-life refrain to millions of U.S. workers from Georgia's green-rooted cotton villages to Oregon's bleak lumber settlements. Those workers had lived like Composer Merle Travis' coalminer father, in company towns—drab, depressed communities where the worker traded at a company store,* rented a company house, was watched by company cops. Today company towns are still flourishing in the U.S. But the towns, and the tune, have changed.

Typical of today's company towns is New Cuyama, a California community that sprung up from the sagebrush after Richfield Oil Corp. made the state's biggest petroleum strike of the decade in a barren desert valley southwest of Bakersfield eight years ago. Determined to create a community that would match its underground wealth, Richfield sold 200 model homes at cost to employees, put up a handsome shopping center and leased it to independent merchants. The company also provided a \$75,000 community hall, a \$250,000 motel-restaurant, a \$20,000 playground, plus land for two new churches and a \$1,500,000 high school. Says a Richfield executive: "Most of these families never owned a home before. Now they are settling down to grow with the valley."

Treat People Like People

The big change in company towns stems from the social and economic maturity of U.S. industry. Community and employee relations are as important a factor in modern management as raw materials, markets and transportation. Most companies today bend over backward to be good neighbors in their

* Which often charged such exorbitant prices that Pennsylvania miners workers in 1902 accused the coal operators of making profits "not only from mining coal but by mining miners." Many companies fired employees who shopped at independent stores. One of the worst company storekeepers: John D. Rockefeller Jr., whose Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. refused to give miners the right to shop where they chose until after a strike in 1912.

MINERS' SHACKS IN A WEST VIRGINIA COAL TOWN



communities. Industry's new attitude to community relations was simply defined by Troy Blanket Mills' Vice President E. J. Russell, whose company has been the only industry in Troy, N.H. for 75 years. Said he: "People like to be treated like people."

No More Lock, Stock & Barroom

To treat people right, most big corporations, e.g., Ford, Alcoa, G.M., now employ top-level executives to concentrate exclusively on community relations. On the other hand, Du Pont, which operates 69 plants in 25 states, says each plant manager is "Mr. Du Pont in his community . . . the way he runs his plant constitutes the major part of Du Pont's public relations program."

One example of a Du Pont town is Seaford, Del., an oldtime oyster fishing village, where the company built its first nylon plant in 1938. Instead of transforming sleepy Seaford into a grim, grimy industrial community, Du Pont's coming has turned the town into an attractive outpost of suburbia, with its own Du Pont-built country club and nine-hole golf course, a choir and community concerts, schools of dancing and ballet, a new 40-bed hospital and a \$180,000 Roman Catholic church. Unlike 19th century company town citizens, whose houses huddled close to mine or mill, two-thirds of Du Pont's 2,000 employees commute to work each day from communities in a 20-mile radius.

While the automobile has enabled workers to live—and shop—where they choose, higher wages and Government-backed housing loans have enabled millions of Americans to own their own homes. Few towns today are owned lock, stock and barroom by any company. Weary of worrying about rent and retail markups, employers have sold whole towns outright, e.g., Kennebunk Copper Corp.'s company houses in four western states were traded off last December for \$5,000,000. (The U.S. is even unloading its atom towns, recently announced plans to sell Oak Ridge, Tenn., and Richland, Wash.) In most cases companies selling housing are glad to plow their investment back into worthwhile community projects. Cannon Mills, which in recent years has encouraged employees to buy and build homes in 50-year-old Kannapolis, N.C. (pop. 28,000), has given money and land for a number of the town's 84 churches, built a golf club for its 14,000 employees, and contributed most of the cash for a civic auditorium.

Stop Sign at "Venus Alley"

No oldtime company town in the U.S. better typifies industry's modern attitude than Butte, Mont. For more than 70 years, on the "richest hill on earth," Butte's copper miners and mining operators were locked in a bitter feud that often flared into shootouts, lynchings, street battles and mass sabotage. The town was grimy and corrupt, demoralized by frequent shutdowns, cynically proud of its sleazy clip joints. But after a costly strike in 1946, an industrial engineering company was hired to find out what ailed Butte. The survey that resulted trapped Anaconda Co. for its neglect of community responsibilities, e.g., recreation and education.

In quick succession Anaconda backed a housing program that provided homes for 650 families, v. 150 houses completed in the previous 15 years, invested in a hospital, a civic auditorium and a \$400,000 club where C.I.O. miners were soon bowling and drinking beer with the once-hated "sixth floor boys," i.e., Anaconda executives. The company also cooperated in clamping down on "Venus Alley." Helped slash the worst VD rate west of the Mississippi to 3.2 per 1,000 residents. Today, in the town John Gunther once called "the only electric-



ANACONDA'S NEW HOUSES FOR MINERS IN BUTTE, MONT.

lit cemetery in the U.S." signs in merchants' windows proclaim: "Butte is my home. I like it."

In the new company towns that are still going up in the U.S., community planning is considered a vital factor attracting a stable, skilled work force. The modern company town is usually a model community with broad, tree-lined streets, spacious shopping centers (which invariably are leased to local merchants) and well-built housing designed to encourage home ownership.

In Silver Bay and Babbitt, two five-year-old taconite mining communities built by Reserve Mining Co. in remote north-central Minnesota, company-built homes are sold to employees on long-term, no-cash-down mortgages held by the company. Says Reserve President W. M. Kelley: "Good communities are essential to our operation. If we are to compete successfully, we must continue to attract skilled high-type men who want to own their own homes and run their own communities."

One of the best-run towns in the U.S. is Midland, Mich., a trim, 50-year-old company town (pop. 24,000) where 86% of the houses are owned by employees of Dow Chemical and Dow Corning. In the 1952 presidential election, Midland boasted the highest voter turnout (81%) of any similar-sized U.S. community.

Ski Tows, Scholarships & Woods for Scouts

Since most company communities exist to exploit oil or ore discoveries in remote areas, management generally invests lavishly in recreational facilities to attract and keep a high-caliber work force. In Colorado, Climax Molybdenum Co. has equipped the inaccessible Rockies settlement of Climax (where it operates the country's largest underground mine) with ski tows, a \$31,700 youth center, a \$106,000 recreation hall with bowling alleys, library, target range and gymnasium, a \$22,000 skating rink and a TV booster to bring in programs from distant stations. Crown Zellerbach Corp., which runs three lumber company towns in Washington and Oregon, concentrates on youth activities, allotting timberland tracts to Boy Scout troops, awards college scholarships to company town children.

Most companies nowadays work many months in advance when they plan to move into small towns which have had no previous experience with big payrolls. Executive teams go in to discuss economic and social problems with civic officials and community leaders, show films to familiarize residents with their operations.

Before building a new smelting plant that subsequently trebled the 2,000 population of Rockdale, Texas, Alcoa in 1953 paid an estimated \$30,000 advance taxes to finance new road and school construction. To pave the way for a new jet test flight center in Palmdale, Calif., Lockheed Aircraft Corp. hired a professional city manager, who spent two years helping city officials plan for expansion, lured three other aircraft companies to Palmdale.

While most companies do all they can to help with recreational and cultural projects, management takes pains to avoid dominating local governments or creating a feeling of passive dependence on company paternalism. When Shell built a new \$75 million refinery in little Anacortes, Wash., last year, employees were advised to "be helpful but go slow" in civic activities. A company executive explained: "We were very careful not to lead residents to believe we were going to be the great white father," said Editor Wallie Funk of the Anacortes *American Bulletin*: "Only a few of us suffered any Shell shock."

No Mortgage on the Soul

Management's imprint on community affairs is still apparent in some old established company towns. In Dow Chemical's Midland there are no hard liquor bars because "the Dow family wouldn't like it." In some company towns, particularly in the South, management frankly uses paternalism as a weapon against unionism.

But the dignity-crushing subservience that once bound mill hand to boss has almost disappeared from the U.S. company town. Industry is generally aware that output will be consistently higher in bright, well-run communities where employees are proud to live and work. Civic leaders, for their part find that industry not only brings in new payrolls and tax revenue but good neighbors as well. Today's company town citizen owes responsibility to his community and his job. But the company holds no mortgage on his soul.

DOW'S COMMUNITY CENTER IN MIDLAND, MICH.



Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight
since 1818

All your guests
will enjoy it
—anytime!

Cherry Heering
over ice cream

—try it!



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The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$20 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$6. Just send this ad with check for \$6. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. TM 4-18

MILESTONES

Born. To Petter Lindstrom, 49, associate professor of surgery at the University of Utah and first husband of Cinematress Ingrid Bergman, and Agnes J. Rovanek Lindstrom, 28, Czech-born pediatrician; a son; in Salt Lake City. Name: Peter.

Married. Julius La Rosa, 26, TV and nightspot crooner, whose star burned bright after he was fired before millions of television viewers from the *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends* show in 1953, because he had lost his "humility"; and Rosemary ("Rory") Meyer, 25, blonde secretary to TV Crooner Perry Como; in Francis Creek, Wis.

Married. Frank McMahon, 53, multi-millionaire Canadian oil magnate, chairman of the board of Pacific Petroleum Ltd.; and Betty Betz, 36, fashion designer and onetime Hearst-syndicated columnist on teen-age doings; in Branford, Conn. (see BUSINESS).

Died. Benjamin Gardner, 59, since 1943 general secretary of Britain's second largest (more than 900,000 members) labor union, the Amalgamated Engineering Union; of complications following pneumonia; in London.

Died. Manilal Mohandas Gandhi, 63, son of the late great Mahatma Mohandas Gandhi, and editor of the South African weekly, *Indian Opinion*, after long illness; in Phoenix, Natal. Taken to South Africa as a child, Manilal Gandhi adopted his father's methods for his lone passive resistance struggle against the government's *apartheid* policy, helped focus world attention on South Africa by his deliberate law-breaking, jail terms and fasts.

Died. Frank Jay Gould, 78, youngest son of the late buccaneering railroad tycoon, Jay (Black Friday) Gould, who boasted the \$10 million inherited from his father to a reported \$100 million; at his villa, *Soleil d'Or*; in Juan-les-Pins, France. Francophile Gould moved to France in 1913 for a "temporary residence" that lasted for 43 years, made a fortune in race horses and real estate, turned the quiet backwater of Juan-les-Pins into a famed international spa.

Died. Mary Louise, 80, Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry, daughter of a Cardiff fishmonger, who twice scandalized English society: in 1918 when she married the tenth Marquess of Queensberry and in 1920 when, after the death of her husband, she went to work in the fish shop that she inherited on St. Mary's Street, Cardiff, Wales; in Cardiff.

Died. Tsuneyo Baba, 80, longtime champion of a free Japanese press as president (1945-51) of the nation's third largest newspaper, *Yomiuri Shimbun* (circ. 2,133,000), of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Tokyo.

TIME, APRIL 16, 1956



Paint sprayed cold often looks like this



Paint sprayed hot reduces fog, saves material

Telltale photos prove DeVilbiss cuts paint waste!

New Hot-Spray method creates less paint fog; saves up to 50% in material

By the application of controlled heat to the material—and spraying at far lower pressures—the new DeVilbiss Paint Heater solves the problem of spray fog, the major cause of spray-material waste. More paint reaches the surface; a heavier paint film can be attained with each application.



DeVilbiss Paint Heater permits Marinette Marine Corp., Marinette, Wisc., to effect multiple benefits in applying vinyl paints to U.S. Navy landing craft. Firm reports hot-spray system practically eliminates spray fog, objectionable fumes; allows heavier film build without sag; maintains trouble-free production rate.

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Mr. Small

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Box Office

The ten most popular movies in the U.S. last month, according to *Variety*:

- 1) *Picnic* (Columbia)
- 2) *Carousel* (20th Century-Fox)
- 3) *Cinerama Holiday* (Independent)
- 4) *The Rose Tattoo* (Wallis; Paramount)
- 5) *I'll Cry Tomorrow* (M-G-M)
- 6) *The Conqueror* (RKO Radio)
- 7) *Oklahoma!* (Magna)
- 8) *The Court Jester* (Paramount)
- 9) *The Man with the Golden Arm* (Preminger; United Artists)
- 10) *Girly and Dolls* (Goldwyn; M-G-M)

The New Pictures

The Bold and the Brave (RKO Radio) is a war picture as laconic and perceptive as a good reconnaissance report. It tells of a battle in a sergeant's soul, of the lives it cost, of victory lost by a kind of courage and won by a kind of cowardice.

The sergeant (Don Taylor) seems to be a good Joe at heart, but then nobody can quite reach his heart. In a brilliant piece of character-writing, Scriptwriter Robert Levin explains his man. When the sergeant was a boy, his father died of drink; the boy's feelings, already numb with shame were frozen fast with fright when his guardian, a religious fanatic, told him that his father had gone to the Devil, and that there, but for the grace of God, he would go too.

Now a grown man, the sergeant still mistakes the life of the flesh for the death of the soul. He carries his fanaticism as a scared child carries a candle in the dark, and so his whole world is filled with a black monster which he calls the Devil, because he cannot see that it is really his own shadow. Since it is wartime, the shadow falls readily on his German enemies, and he slaughters them with the righteous wrath of an avenging angel.

On this tortured soul, two buddies (Wendell Corey and Mickey Rooney) play what turns out to be a disastrously impractical joke. On a four-day pass, they bribe a pretty little Italian whore (Nicole Maurey) to teach "The Preacher" about the birds and the bees. She asks him to her room. He does not realize what she is suggesting. Like many people who suffer guilt in imagination, he is pathetically innocent in real life. She takes him on a picnic instead. He drinks buttermilk while she drinks *vino*, shyly confesses that she is the first girl he ever took out. And suddenly, with a luminous sweetness rarely seen on the screen, they are in love, and love transforms them. His sore soul heals like a wound in sunlight, and her shut lace bursts open like a merry parasol. It closes soon enough. The sergeant finds out about her past, and leaves her with a curse. He knows in secret that what he is leaving is life—but then is not life what he has always really feared? Is not death what he has always really

wanted? In the allegory of the final battle, the sergeant cruelly discovers that a man who cannot live cannot die, that the evil men see in the world might turn to good if men would only see it in themselves, that only fear can cast out love.

These various powerful themes do not always quite gel into one another in the crowded climax, but *The Bold and the Brave* is nevertheless a successful film of an unusually serious kind. In his direction Lewis R. Foster has managed to make ideas as well as characters come clear, and

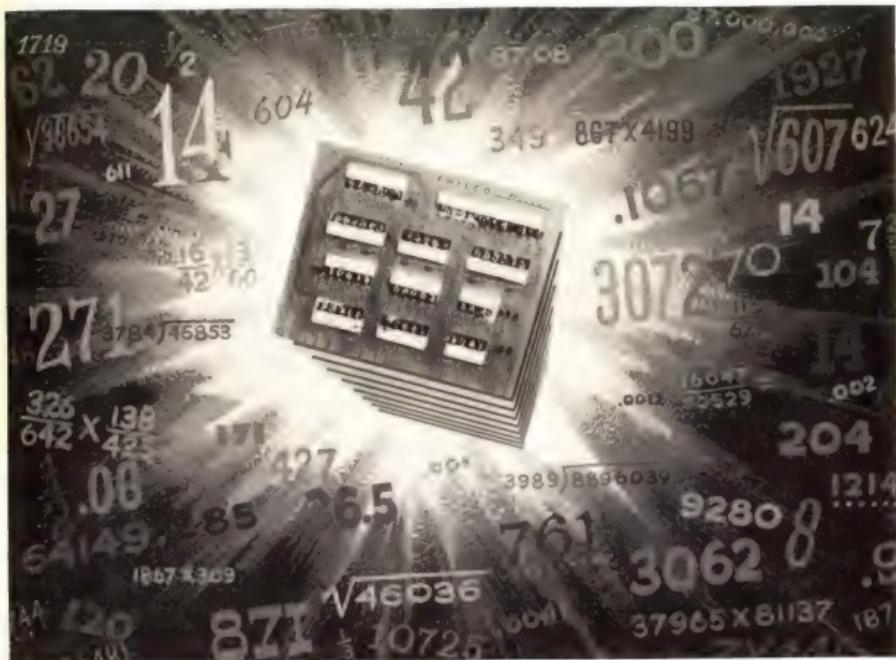


NICOLE MAUREY & DON TAYLOR
A man who cannot live cannot die

when the lines are especially good, his actors tactfully subordinate themselves to what they are saying. Don Taylor and Wendell Corey play neatly in tandem as the cowardly hero and the heroic coward and France's Nicole Maurey does something rare in dramatic history. She makes a believable human being of the sentimental prostitute. But it is Mickey Rooney who brings off the best scene: a crap game so shatteringly funny that it almost breaks up the picture. And at the end, as he staggers across the battlefield in desperate pursuit of the money, of the future that blows away from him forever, the audience is confronted with an image that may almost suggest the mindless immensity of man's fate.

Alexander the Great (Robert Rossen; United Artists). As writer-producer-director, Robert Rossen spent not much less time (four years) and probably more money (\$4,000,000) on the production of this picture than Alexander did on the entire conquest of the Persian Empire, and there can be no doubt that, in some ways, his effect is even more shattering than the martial Macedonian's. The picture presents two hours and 25 minutes of

MATHEMAGICS!

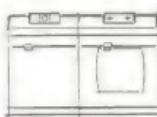


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continuously colossal spectacle in Cinema-Scope, Technicolor and stereophonic sound. There are 6,000 people in the cast and 1,000 horses. Several regiments of the Spanish army were rented for the battle scenes, and a sizable slice of Spain was borrowed. Three towns were taken over for incidental scenes. Europe was ransacked for theatrical supplies: 1,800 suits of Greek and Persian armor, 450 swords, 200 bows, 3,000 arrows, 6,000 short spears and 400 long, 1,200 shields, 42 chariots 600 other pieces of antique hardware. Dozens of himatia and chitons were run up by Spanish seamstresses from the ancient Greek models, and hundreds of wigs, beards and mustaches had to be found—along with such items as 50 scars and 36 plastic noses. The publicity department announced proudly that when the shooting stopped "there was not a



RICHARD BURTON AS ALEXANDER
In Spain, new worlds to conquer.

single imitation precious stone [or] gold tassel left in Madrid.

The stuff of spectacle is indeed all here, and Director Rossen has marshaled it with care and passion against the stern Spanish landscape. His best scenes have the faithfulness and the feeling of fine color plates in a history book—King Philip's drunken dance among the corpses at Chaeronea, the hurling of the spear into Asia; the symbolic blow at the navel of a continent when Alexander cut the Gordian knot, the sordid grandeur of Darius' doom, the murder of Cleitus in a childlike pet.

But illustration is not cinema, and a chronicle is not a drama. In the final analysis, Rossen tells his story less through pictures than through words, and he tires the spectator's mind with facts but never reaches his heart with their meaning. The words, nevertheless, are written at a pitch of high declamation that movies rarely attain, and the players suit the action to the words. Fredric March as Alexander's father, Philip of Macedon

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Another cost-cutting lamp recently announced by General Electric is the High Output fluorescent—today's



The smallest and hottest electrical heat source available (shown here melting aluminum) the G-E Quartz Infrared permits reduced size in many applications because of the concentrated heat it produces.



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most powerful fluorescent lighting tool. For top color rendition, use the DeLuxe Cool or Warm White High Output which give as much light as other fluorescent types in standard "Whites".

IMPROVED G-E LAMPS—The 400-watt RC-1 mercury lamp became your best bargain for most indoor mercury lighting when G.E. increased its total light output 15% in 1955. This lamp uses a phosphor lining in a dual role—to reflect light and to improve color. It is interchangeable in most 400-watt fixtures.



Double-duty phosphor lining improves color and directs the light—gives more light with color improvement—at less cost.

The most significant development in lamp filaments since 1913 was announced by General Electric in late 1955—The Bonus Line. The new lamps give up to 15% more light for the same wattage and are less subject to bulb blackening. The money you save by this increased output can equal the purchase price of the lamp.



Using the "stand-up" filament to increase light output by as much as 15%, the Bonus Line lamp is now available in 500, 750, and 1000-watt sizes. Note reduction in bulb blackening after same hours of use.

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It is not unusual to find installations operating at less than 50% efficiency. General Electric engineering "know-how" is ready to help you realize the economies that come from the full exploitation of existing lighting systems. For example, we publish hundreds of bulletins each year to aid operators in dozens of commercial and industrial fields to improve the efficiency of their lighting and decrease their costs.



FOR MORE INFORMATION on how you can use new General Electric lamps, improved lamps, and General Electric technical help to cut your business costs, write, Large Lamp Dept., General Electric Co., Dept. T-4, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, O.

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Claire Bloom as Barsine, Niall MacGinnis as Parmeno play with the grace and generous gesture of figures on a Grecian frieze, and Richard Burton as Alexander can light the screen now and then with a true flash of the great conqueror's reflected glory.

Patterns [Harris-Myerberg: United Artists], based on television's hit play by Rod Serling, is a candid and unusually discerning peep into the executive suite of the big U.S. corporation. The hero (Van Heflin) is an unlicked cub of commerce, a young "production genius" from the Midwest, who is suddenly thrown among the wolves of Wall Street. The leader of the pack, a cold-eyed master of industries and men (Everett Sloane), sets him to work on industrial relations. Heflin's immediate superior, the executive vice president (Ed Begley), is a pleasure to work for—a warm, outgoing man in his 60s, with more of the human than the



BEGLEY, SLOANE & HEFLIN
Business is no one's business.

Midas touch. They are soon fast friends, and Heflin heartily takes up Begley's quarrel with the boss man.

One day Heflin realizes with horror that even as Begley is being harbored for the ax, a man is being groomed to succeed him, and that man is himself. Worst of all, the hero has to admit that he wants the job—even though it means that his friend's head must roll. The climax comes when Begley, driven too hard, dies of a heart attack. Heflin and Sloane, in a tremendous scene, stand toe to toe and slug it out on the central issue of the drama: Is business a good or an evil thing? Evil is as evil does, says Heflin, and feels that Sloane has just done legal murder in the name of the stockholders. Sloane does not deny it, but goes on to confess his creed: business, like oxygen, is a fact of nature. It does not matter whether it is good or evil. It only matters that man cannot live without it. Business, he declares, is bigger than any businessman. "It's no one's business. It belongs



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You often get fooled when you try to guess which shell the pea is under.

You often get fooled when you trade in your old typewriters by "guessing" you'd better trade 'em in.

Instead, be hard boiled about trade-ins. Figure it this way. After x years old typewriters cost too much to service . . . turn out bad-looking work. Damages typists' morale. It follows that at the end of x years the time has come to trade in for new Royal Standards.

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to those who can keep it growing. It belongs to whoever has the brains, the nerve and the skill to take it away from us."

The *mystique* of Mammom has seldom found such passionate dialectics, and Hefflin cannot resist its persuasions. Sloane, after all, has only told him what he really wants to believe. So he takes the big job (at a massive increase in salary and stock participation), but only on condition that he be permitted to fight the boss every step of the way for what he believes to be right. But what precisely does he believe to be right? And when did the boss ever stop him from fighting for it? "It's easy to chuck something that you think is wrong," Hefflin tells himself vaguely in conclusion, "but this way maybe there's a chance."

The solution is rich in irony, richer still in its humanity. The hero, when all is said and done, has accepted the pattern. Playwright Serling does not sneer at him, and he does not sneer at the pattern. Big Business is not the villain of Serling's piece. There is no villain. There is only the same big world, and another little man who gets lost in it.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Forbidden Planet. For earthlings that end-of-winter feeling: spring cruise at speed of light to Altair-4—small, out-of-the-way planet, two moons, green sky, pink sand, personal robot service. Caution: pack an atomic weapon. Occasional monsters (TIME, April 9).

Richard III. Shakespeare's sinister parable of power made into a darkly magnificent film by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title role with satanic majesty. The supporting cast: Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Claire Bloom, Pamela Brown (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Farcical larceny, with light-fingered Alec Guinness lifting £60,000 from an armored truck and then losing it—and the picture—to scene-stealing Katie Johnson (TIME, March 12).

Picnic. William Inge's play about a husky athlete (William Holden) who bounces around a small town like a loose ball, while the ladies (Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak) fumble excitedly for possession (TIME, Feb. 27).

The Night My Number Came Up. A low-voltage shocker from Britain, with crackling good performances by Michael Redgrave and George Rose (TIME, Jan. 21).

The Man with the Golden Arm. A hot dealer deals himself a cold card: heroin. A painful, powerful story of human bondage, in which Frank Sinatra is unforgettable (TIME, Dec. 26).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film and Oscar-winning role, serves up Tennessee Williams' comically as a wonderful pizza-pie farce—and the spectator gets it smack in the eye (TIME, Dec. 19).

Gays and Dolls. Sam Goldwyn's \$200,000 adaptation of the Broadway musical; with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine and plenty of moxie (TIME, Nov. 14).

80 PROOF



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Men of the Year



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MEN'S CLOTHES

TIME, APRIL 16, 1956



Good turn for machine tools

**Read how banks help America's toolbuilders create
the machinery for mass production.**

This is a picture of a man and a machine—working on a way of life.

The material is metal, inert and unformed. But shaped with a craftsman's skill and turned to a tolerance finer than an eyelash, it becomes a machine tool. On the assembly line it will be an instrument indispensable to mass production and irreplaceable in the American economy.

That's a pretty big bouquet to toss any industry's way. But look at the facts.

Handmade items come high. To make them at prices people can afford, you must have machines. Only ma-

chine tools can make machines, and once you make a machine, you can put it to work manufacturing products for lots of people.

There you have mass production and the open secret of American abundance. It goes without saying that commercial banks get behind the machine-tool industry when cold cash is necessary. Moreover, banking and machine tools have something in common that's awfully important to you and every other American.

Both take raw materials . . . one metal, the other money and credit, and turn them into instruments for the

national good. In plain language, the machine-tool people put machines to work and thereby create jobs. The bankers put money to work, and wherever money works you can be sure men and women work, too.

The Chase Manhattan Bank of New York, first in loans to American industry, is proud of the contribution commercial banks are making to the progress of our country.

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BOOKS

Greek Meets Greek Scholar

GREAT DIALOGUES OF PLATO (525 B.C.)
—Translated by W.H.D. Rouse—New American Library (50¢).

William Henry Denham Rouse was a Calcutta-born Englishman who became the most learned teacher of Greek and Latin in his time. For a quarter of a century he headed the Perse School in Cambridge, where he made certain that each boy left with a conversational competence in the languages of Homer and Cicero. When he died in 1950 at 86, he left behind him first-rate, down-to-earth translations of *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad* that virtually returned Homer's classics to the common man. Total sales in the U.S. alone 1,000,000 copies.

Also left behind, but then unpublished, was his last work, a translation of still another of the world's great books. The *Great Dialogues of Plato* have now been made available to U.S. readers in a paperback edition, tailored neatly for the pocket as well as the pocketbook. Classicists may continue to give their allegiance to the translation of Greek Scholar Benjamin Jowett (1817-93), but the plain reader will find that Rouse has given him a great legacy of philosophy in language that hews to simple clarity.

"Socrates himself," wrote Rouse in an introduction, "described his object as that of a midwife, to bring other men's

thoughts to birth." Socrates never wrote, but after his death a brilliant pupil named Plato wrote down his master's oral comments and arguments. In Rouse's pages Socrates' strength of mind, his dedication to philosophical truth, are borne in on the modern reader with something of the power that impressed and disturbed the ancient Greeks.

Great Man's Plaything

SAVROLA (241 pp.) — Winston S. Churchill—Random House (\$3.50).

This novel is the work of a high-spirited Hussar officer of 23, caught temporarily between campaigns. It would not be uncharitable to say that its author should adopt some other line of work. This, to the great benefit of history and humanity, is what the author did.

Wittily, the publishers have decorated the book jacket of this literary curiosity with the novelist's figure in its more recent frame—sitting before his goldfish pond at Chartwell, with his back firmly turned. The frontispiece shows the face of a younger, less imposing man, who had just become a Member of Parliament in the year (1900) in which his first and only novel, a highly romantic work of historical fiction, was first issued in book form.

Legend Persists. Even more wittily, the novelist himself has supported the publisher's proud claim that this new

A PLATO SAMPLER

From THE REPUBLIC

"Then in general, the classes of things concerned with the care of the body have less of truth and real being than the classes of things concerned with the care of the soul?"

"Much less."

"... Then those who have no experience of wisdom and virtue, who are always at their feastings and so forth, are being carried downwards, as it seems, and hark again to the middle region, and there they wander about all their lives: as to passing above this limit, they have never even cast a look to the true upwards and never been there, never been filled with what really is or had a taste of pure and abiding pleasure. Like brute beasts, they look ever downwards, and feed stooping over the ground and poking their noses into their tables, cropping and coupling; and to get more and more of these things they kick and butt with iron horns and hooves and kill one another because of their insatiate desire, since they fail either to satisfy with real things the real part of themselves, or to fill up that vessel, their body."

"... Clever and unjust men behave like racers who make a good run of it from the start, and collapse on the way from the turn; they . . . end up by being laughed at like a lot of fools, and run away uncrowned with their ears down on their shoulders, but real racers keep on to the finish, and win the prizes and the crown."

"... We, my dear Glaucon, must take most care that each one of us shall disregard all studies, except this one study . . . to see if he shall be able to learn and discover in any place one who shall give him the ability and intelligence to know a good life from a bad, and to choose always and everywhere the best that the conditions allow; . . . one who shall teach him how thus to know what beauty mingled with poverty or riches, in union with what state of soul, will work evil or good; what will be the effect of high birth or low birth, private station or governing station, strength or weakness, cleverness or dullness in learning, and all such qualities of the soul natural or acquired—what effects they will have when commingled together; so that it will be possible for



NOVELIST CHURCHILL | CIRCA 1900 |
First whispers of a mighty voice.

edition carries a "new foreword by the author" in a neat 76 words. Thus at 81, Winston Churchill shows himself more garrulous by 29 words than in the original note in which the young officer of the IVth (Queen's Own) Hussars was moved to submit the book "with considerable trepidation to the judgement or clemency of the public." The aged Knight of the Garter adds for the current edition: "The intervening ninty-nine years have somewhat dulled though certainly not changed my sentiments on this point."

him, by taking account of all these things, to make his choice: keeping his gaze fixed all the while on the nature of the soul, and considering both the worse and the better life; calling it worse if it so leads the soul that it becomes more unjust, and better if it leads the soul to become more just. All else he will leave alone, for we have seen that this is the best choice, both for living and for dying."

From THE DEFENSE OF SOCRATES

"... Now therefore, gentlemen, so far from pleading for my own sake, as one might expect, I plead for your sakes, that you may not offend about God's gift by condemning me. For if you put me to death, you will not easily find such another, really like something stuck on the state by the god, though it is rather laughable to say so, for the state is like a big thoroughbred horse, so big that he is a bit slow and heavy, and wants a gadfly to wake him up. I think the god put me on the state—something like that, to wake you up and persuade you and reproach you every one."

"Do not be annoyed at my telling the truth: the fact is that no man in the world will come off safe who honestly opposes either you or any other multi-

Savrola is a rollicking romantic tale of "revolution in Laurania," and Churchill some years later, after noting that it "yielded about seven hundred pounds" (not more than \$3,500), confessed: "I have consistently urged my friends to abstain from reading it." The legend, though denied by son Randolph, persists that Churchill tried for a time to buy all outstanding copies of *Savrola*, to reinforce his friends' abstention.

When Winston Churchill's novel was published, an American of the same name had greater fame. Few now read the other Winston Churchill's *Ruskin Carved* or *The Crisis*, good books though they are, and their author said of them what the English Churchill might have said of his *Savrola*: "I wrote for pleasure or adventure."

Savrola, though, has more than just curio value; it contains a boy's vision of a kind of greatness that the boy grew up to fulfill. Here is not an echo, but the beginning whispers of a voice that was to become mighty.

Toy World. Before he had a real world to play with, Winston Churchill created the toy world of "Laurania" in which a "dictator" is overthrown by a liberal revolution; then, as happened often enough later, the liberals find that they have set

* Early in the two writers' careers, the British Churchill wrote to the U.S. Churchill (no kin) and proposed that one change his name to avoid confusion. The U.S. Churchill claimed seniority and the British Churchill conceded it, agreed immediately—and amicably. (Winston S. [Sir Spencer] Churchill)

tude, and tries to hinder the many unjust and illegal doings in a state. It is necessary that one who really and truly fights for the right . . . shall act as a private man, not as a public man."

* * * No, gentlemen, the difficult thing is not to escape death. I think, but to escape wickedness—that is much more difficult, for that runs faster than death. And now I, being slow and old, have been caught by the slower one; but my accusers, being clever and quick, have been caught by the swifter . . . And now I and they depart. I condemned by you to death, but these, condemned by truth to depravity and injustice, I abide by my penalty, they by theirs.

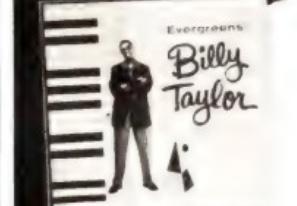
* * * If you believe that by putting men to death you will stop everyone from reproaching you because your life is wrong, you make a great mistake; for this riddance is neither possible nor honourable; but another is most honourable and most easy, not to cut off lives, but to offer yourselves readily to be made as good as you can be."

* * * And now it is time to go, I to die, and you to live; but which of us goes to a better thing is unknown to all but God."

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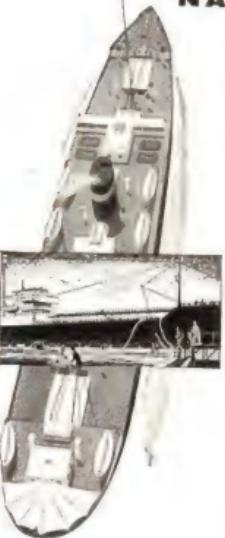
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sinister forces in motion. Before they are suppressed, Laurania is rent by explosions, duels, gunshot and high-down mayhem, all set forth in an absurdly magnificent style:

"Go on," shouted the President, striking the table with his open hand, and the man fled from the room."

The great Savrola, savior of his country, confronts the "sombre-clad" assassin who has slain the Dictator. The act offends his nobility. "Vile scum!" Savrola cries, and he slashes the culprit across the face with his stick.

Not a far cry is Laurania's noble and indignant Savrola from Britain's Churchill, who grew up to call Hitler a "blood-thirsty guttersnipe" and Mussolini a "whipped jackal," with a tongue that slashed far deeper than a stick.

There are chuckles to be found in the naive and childlike honor that abounds in every page of *Savrola*, but knowing what the author went on to do in reality for his country gives a tingle to the simple declaration with which a young man's fantasy ends: "The chronicler . . . will rejoice that, after many troubles, peace and prosperity came back to the Republic of Laurania.

Coming of Age

REMEMBER THE HOUSE (24) pp.—
SANTHA RAMA RAU—Harper (\$3).

The intertwining of two processes—the coming of age of a sensitive girl and the coming of age of an equally sensitive nation—makes a compelling novel. *Santha Rama Rau*, who writes English (*Home to India*) with the flourish of conquest, portrays newly freed India through the mind of Indira ("Baba") Goray, daughter of Novelist Rau of a rich and respected Indian politician. The story transports in Bombay, in the hill country of the north, and among the elaborate Victorian palaces of the Indian rich on the Malabar Hill. Baba and her sophisticated schoolgirl friend turn their wary eyes on the fantastic events in which, trancelike, the Indians accepted the Nehru raj from Lord Louis Mountbatten, the last British viceroy. Baba teeters girlishly between the superstitious past (as a child she had retched over a dead fish's eye, which she tried to swallow in order to summon up strange powers) and the dull independent future, symbolized by her dull, enlightened father, who talks like an instructor in social science.

Dinner After Dinner. As Baba moves to her formal Indian betrothal, the characters of Nehru's India pass her eye. With the cruelty of youth and the precision of familiarity, Baba ticks them off. There is the strangely pathetic princelet drinking his schooners of champagne and serving a New Year's meal consisting of a complete Western dinner followed by a complete Indian dinner. These are the hony peasants, the compounds full of servants and relatives related in intricate ways, the Congress politicians sidling for jobs, Goanese musicians with their "desperate nativeness," mystical followers of that "tough

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Wynnewood North . . . Three bedrooms, two baths, air conditioned homes in Oak Cliff section of Dallas, Texas. Owner, Developer and Building Contractor, Percy Greenman, Jr.; Plumbing Wholesaler, Economy Supply Co., Plumbing Contractor, Wood Plumbing Co., all of Dallas.

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realist." Gandhi, and—most exotic of all—the Americans.

Baba and her friend have a private word—hysteria—for anything of which they disapprove. It is a word they use particularly often in reference to Americans. Yet Baba finds herself entranced by two Americans—Courtney and Alix Nichols, who betray the un-Indian heresy of being in love in the romantic Western pattern. Alix is also a recognizable U.S. type in that when Indian servants place a chair of honor for her, she insists on sitting on the ground. She will love the Indians, if it kills her—and them. Soon, of course, she is an expert on saris and embarrasses everyone by insisting on wearing one at an East-West social function. Most comical of all, the Indians rich, aristocratic, complexion-conscious



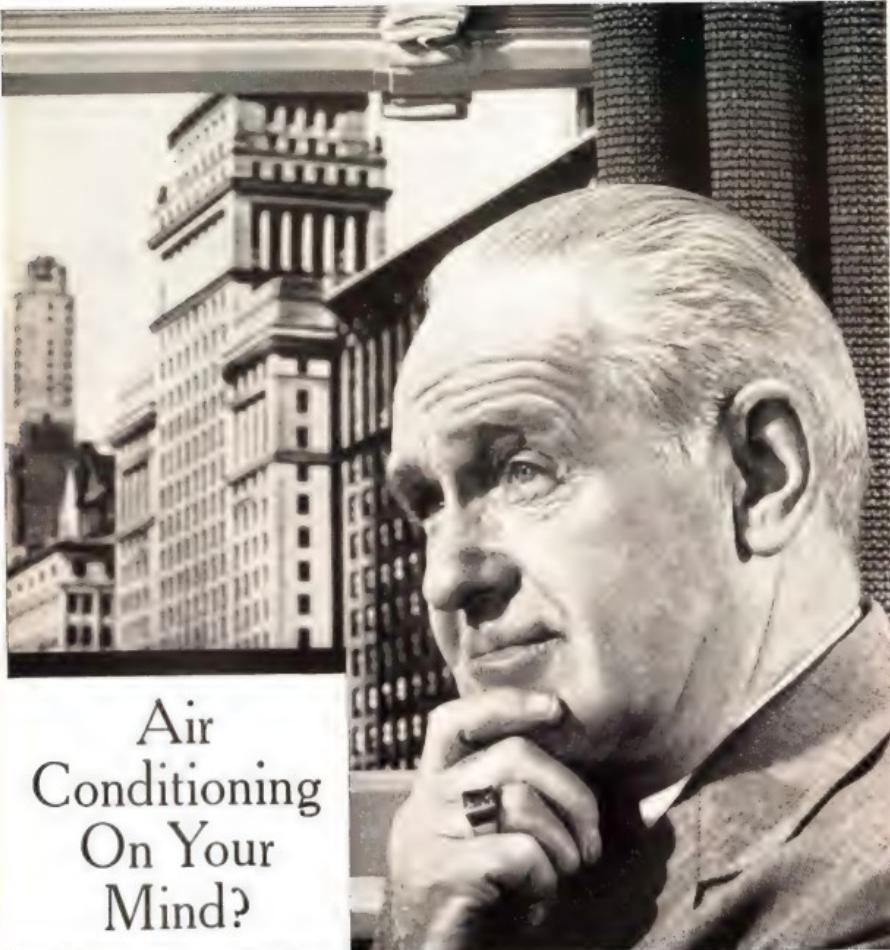
NOVELIST RAU

Hysteria is the word for Americans.

Brahmins and Parsees of Bomhay resent her modish suntan.

More Than Diplomats. Thus, cleverly, Santha Rama Rau puts in a novelist's terms an Indian psychological dilemma, which in the terms and the person of Nehru irritates the West: just as the British were disliked more for their law and the incorrigibility of their lawgivers rather than for their conquest, so Americans seem to be disliked and resented for their quixotic good will rather than their "dollar imperialism." In the presence of envy, gratitude is impossible.

The most famous novel with Indian-Western relations as its theme is *A Passage to India*. Forster's story was essentially the tale of an English spinster, and *Remember the House* is an Indian's story, but it faithfully endorses Forster's strong plea for simple human contact; it may be that, if the contact is ever truly made, the credit will be as much due to novelists like Santha Rama Rau as to diplomats and statesmen like her father, Sir Benegal Rama Rau, onetime Ambassador to Wash-



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ington and Deputy High Commissioner in London. At any rate, in *Remember the House* Miss Rau does much to make the myriad faces of India plainer to the Western eye.

Adultery Doesn't Pay

The SLEEPLESS MOON [375 pp.]—H. E. Bates—*Atlantis-Little, Brown* [\$4].

The main question raised by British Novelist Herbert Ernest Bates is: How long can a writer go on being promising without paying off? In Bates's case, the answer seems to be indefinitely. Now 50, he had more fine short stories to his credit in his thirties than most good writers turn out in a lifetime. But short stories do not pay well, and Bates, like any sensible fictioneer, wants to be paid as well as read. So novels it was, and promising though several of them were, his admirers usually laid them down at the end quite sure that things would go better next time.

Like just about everything Bates has written, *The Sleepless Moon* is well carpentered, easily written, and well calculated to shorten a train ride or add pleasure to a tall drink. In a small English town, Constance is married to the town grocer, a man so respectable, correct and dull that passion has no chance. His comfortable household runs like a metronome, but his bed has a built-in deep-freeze. Not only does the virginal Constance wait in vain on her wedding night, she waits in vain, period.

Even in staid English provincial circles, nature has a way of filling marital vacuums. Frankie, the goodlooking young piano player at the local cinema, is just brash enough to make a pass at Constance, even though Melford is by now sure to become the next mayor of the town. A kiss on a snowy night, and Constance is done for. Soon she and Frankie are meeting in alleys, in old mills and come spring, splashing idly in secret pools. Melford, no different from other husbands in a like fit, is naturally the last to know. What is more, he does not care. Then a tasty dish at a nearby tavern supplies for Melford what Melford apparently wanted all along, but Constance never knew how to offer.

Always expert at the often harder task of ending a short story, Novelist Bates seems not to know how to get out of the double mess he has contrived, and put *The Sleepless Moon* to sleep. But in the last extremity, there is a classic way out for all novelists in a jam, and Bates uses it. The tavern wench dies of an abortion, and unhappy Melford is let off his hook. Frankie runs out on Constance, but she is still hooked in the heart, and pitches herself from the church tower. What this trite tale of love and death is intended to light up hardly matters. But women may wonder what Novelist Bates means by letting the men off so easily: Melford ends up with a comfortable widower's life, Frankie comes back to town to cad about with not one, but several, fluttery innocents. It's a man's world.



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MISCELLANY

Short Cut. In Hanford, Calif., police hunted Roy Adams for writing a phony \$3,000 check as a down payment for a house on Easy Street.

Paper Profits. In Montreal, an irate businessman asked the cops to X-ray the stomach of a colleague who had just torn up their tentative contract and eaten it.

Student Counsel. In Pasadena, City College Freshman Edward Mulrooney was arrested after he tossed a bomb at his psychology teacher's house, damaged the front porch, left a note: "If you don't want your home bombed or your windows shot out, then grade fairly and put your assignments on the board—or is this asking too much?"

Getaway Day. In Houston, Mrs. Sammie Lee Hicks described her husband for the missing persons bureau: "He has a flat forehead and a large nose and mouth. All in all, he looks like a horse."

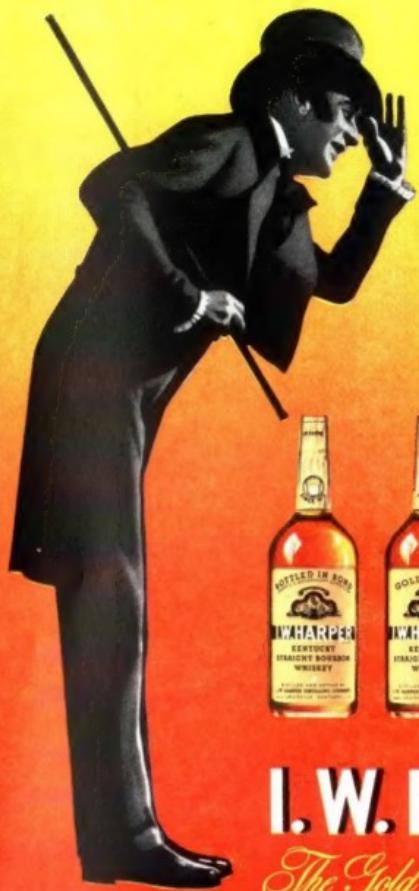
Pickup. In Milwaukee, after a minor collision, Clarence Gill got out of his car, took out his wallet as he started to note down the other car's license number, stood dumbfounded when the other driver snatched his wallet, drove off.

Rain on the Roof. In Fresno, Calif., three boys hurled stones at the Fresno Hacienda Motel from a highway overpass, were swiftly taken into custody by members of the State Juvenile Officers Association attending a convention in the motel.

Mixed Emotions. In Salem, Ore., police looked for the burglar who broke into Mrs. Jeanne Hopkins' home, ripped up limousine between the living room and the dining room, opened a can of varnish and varnished an old newspaper, made a batch of French toast in the kitchen, baked a fudge cake from a recipe on a Betty Crocker Mix box, stole a ten-inch pie plate.

Fare Game. In Cedarburg, Wis., Escaped Convict Blondon P. Becktell, one of the state's "most-wanted" men, grandly offered \$5 to anybody in the tavern who would drive him to Milwaukee, found a taker in Ozaukee County Sheriff Edmund J. Bienlein, unwittingly climbed into the squad car for a ride back to prison.

Man of the House. In London, Sybil Jeanne Hevetson, 61, won a divorce from her husband Cecil, 66, after testifying that he 1) considered himself "a pocket Hercules . . . a warrior descended from the Moorish fighters" but passed out after downing one gin sling; 2) wore khaki shorts and tied the house keys to his belt "to show that he was the master"; 3) penciled in the word "strumpet" when he spotted "wife" on a magazine cover.



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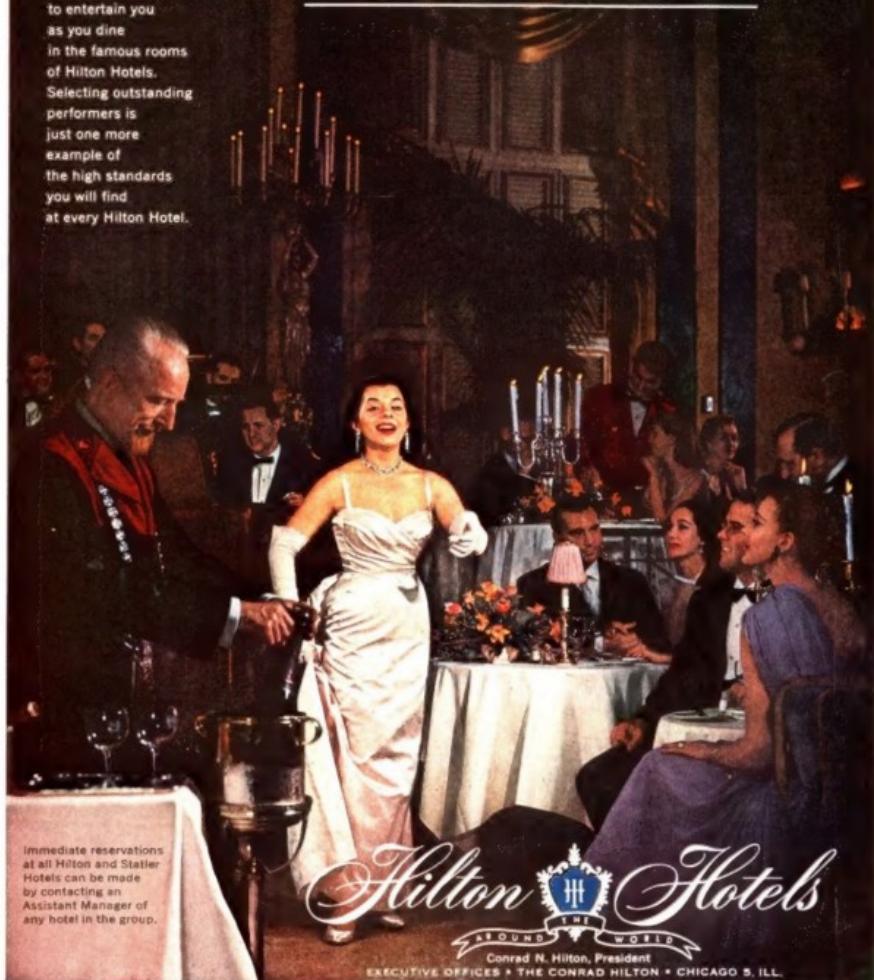


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